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## CHRONICLE

**The War.**—With the exception of the region about Verdun, there has been no change on the western front, beyond the capture by the British of some German positions south of Ypres at St. Eloi.

*Bulletin, Mar. 28, p. m.-April 4, a. m.* Vigorous fighting has been resumed between the Austrians and Italians at many places, and especially on the Goritz sector, without, however, any substantial gain for either side. The Russian offensive in the Riga district, in the vicinity of Lake Narotch, on the Strypa, and north of Czernowitz, seems to have spent itself. Its results have been very slight. From the other theaters of war nothing of importance has been reported.

The battle for Verdun shows no sign of abating. The artillery of both sides has been incessantly at work, with Avocourt, Melancourt, Mort Homme Hill, Bethincourt,

The Fight  
for Verdun

Cumières, Douaumont and Vaux as the points of greatest violence. But the only result of the fighting has been the occupation by the Germans of Melancourt, and the capture of the village of Vaux. For several days the Germans had confined their efforts in the region of Melancourt to a vigorous bombardment of the French positions between Avocourt and Bethincourt. Then they launched a series of infantry assaults on the salient at Melancourt. The attack began from a point southwest of the village, gradually extended to the north and then to the northeast, until finally the French were surrounded on three sides. Melancourt was at last evacuated and the French retired south of the Forges brook. After this success had been gained, the Germans shifted their attack across the river to the vicinity of Vaux. A bombardment of great intensity, followed by infantry as-

saults, resulted in the capture by the Germans of the entire village and a portion of the Caillette wood. Later both places were partially recovered by the French.

**Austria-Hungary.**—The Bohemian Catholic Agrarian League, the strongest national Catholic organization, numbering about 65,000 voters, recently held its convention at Prague. A speech delivered

"Diseased  
Hypernationalism"

on this occasion by the prominent Catholic leader, Mgr. Kordac, aroused especial enthusiasm. In eloquent words he traced the origin of the present war to a "diseased hypernationalism." Latins, Germans and Slavs, he said, have entirely forgotten that their common Christian culture is meant to be the leaven of the world's civilization. "Nationalism has shaken the very pillars of Christian humanism, it has negated the most valuable benefits of civilization, and has set the axe to the root of the world-order instituted by God." He then pointed to the fact that the many nationalities within the Habsburg Monarchy had thoroughly learned the lesson of this terrible war, the error of hypernationalism. In the fire of the great struggle the many races and peoples were being fused together and welded into a strong, inseparable unity, into a mighty nation. From a purely European Power they are even now undergoing a transformation into a world-Power, "a member of that Central European Union, which in its invincible plastic strength is to be a promoter of the peaceful, spiritual development of civilization."

**Belgium.**—In a pamphlet recently issued by the Nation Press, New York, and with its foreword signed by thirteen prelates and priests of Belgian birth who now belong to the American clergy, there are printed four "Annexes" to the "Letter of the Bishops of Belgium to

Cardinal Mercier's  
"Annexes"

the Bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary" which was summarized in *AMERICA* of February 12. The first Annex contains the letter sent to the Military Governor of Liège by the Bishop of that city, on August 8, 1915. He writes:

I appeal to you as a man and as a Christian to put a stop to executions and reprisals. I am told repeatedly that several villages have been destroyed, that prominent people, among whom were parish priests, have been shot and others arrested, and all of whom have protested their innocence. Priests like those of my diocese I cannot believe would be guilty of a single act of hostility toward the German soldiers. I visited many ambulances and I saw that the wounded Germans were treated with the same care as the Belgians. They themselves recognized this fact.

In the second Annex is the letter Cardinal Mercier sent on January 24, 1915, in answer to inquiries made by the Count of Wengersky, Chief of the District of Mechlin, regarding the reported execution of "many innocent priests in the diocese." His Eminence wrote:

The names of the priests and the religious of the diocese of Mechlin who, to my knowledge, were put to death by the German troops are as follows: Dupierreux, of the Society of Jesus; Brother Sebastian Allard, of the Congregation of the Josephites; Brother Candide, of the Congregation of the Brothers of N. D. de Miséricorde; Father Vincent of the Conventuals; Carette, professor; Lombaerts, Goris, De Clerck, Dergent, Wouters, Van Wouters, Van Bladel, rectors. Regarding alleged attacks on nuns the Cardinal testifies: I could not furnish any exact information, because my conscience forbade me to give, to no matter what court, the information, alas, very exact, which I possess. Attacks on nuns were made. Happily, I believe, not a great many, but there were several to my knowledge.

The third Annex contains the names of "a hundred different quarters" in which the German army is charged with giving itself up "to pillage, to incendiarism, and imprisonments, and to massacres, and sacrileges, contrary to all justice and all human sentiment." The fourth Annex details the alleged violations of the Hague Convention by the German army of occupation; "collective penalties," "forced labor for the enemy," and "new taxes" being the heads under which the grievances of the Belgian Bishops' protest are formulated.

**France.**—An increasing number of the Catholics of France are deeply grieved that, alone among the nations at war, their country officially ignores God. Alarmed at the consequences which this insult to

*Cardinal Luçon's  
Pastoral*

Heaven must entail, Mgr. Luçon, Cardinal-Archbishop of Reims, has proposed to his brethren in the episcopate a union of prayer and devotion which will constitute a "National Crusade of Prayer" for the return of the Motherland to the Faith. In the beautiful Pastoral Letter addressed to his own diocese on the subject, the Cardinal says at the close:

A peril threatens us from within far greater than the danger from foreign foes. It is a spirit of hostility to religion too common alas! amongst us; a spirit of pride and unbelief ever conspiring together to destroy Christian dogma and

morality; a spirit of indifference and contemptuous neglect, owing to which so many of our countrymen live and act as if they had no religious convictions. As long as she will not be healed of this evil, France will not be saved. Outside her borders she will be denied the esteem, the sympathy and the confidence of other nations, and within her own territory, the same causes producing the same results, we shall behold the moral corruption of our people growing alarmingly worse from day to day; we shall witness the ruin of the family, see egotism everywhere enthroned, and behold the weakening and ultimate decadence of the race, and then the final plunge to the abyss.

Let us ask God to enlighten those who hold the reins of power, that they may acknowledge and recognize that their authority comes from God, and that they may exercise that authority in accordance with His will. Let us beg of Him to fill with the spirit of wisdom those who make our laws, in order that they may pass those only which are in conformity with His law and useful to our country.

The Pastoral goes to the root of the national evil. It is the work of a great patriot, and a great bishop.

**Germany.**—German newspapers reflect with satisfaction upon the prophecy made by the Allied press in the summer of 1915 that by the fall of that year the German

*Surmounting the  
Insurmountable*

steel production, and therefore the manufacture of ammunition, would come to a stop, due to the lack of ferro-manganese. "Our ammunition," say the German papers, "is of the same good quality as before. Our enemies can vouch for this." The difficulty was solved by the production of a substitute for ferro-manganese from materials that are plentiful in Germany. The same prophecy had been made regarding the shortage of cotton. At present cotton is no longer needed by the Germans in the manufacture of ammunition. Cellulose is used instead. Moreover, copper has been replaced by zinc to a great extent and to even a larger extent by aluminum. Germany has succeeded in opening up new domestic sources of aluminate, the base of aluminum, and can thus produce quantities of this metal. Electric wires and cables are now made of aluminum, a practice which before the war had already met with great success in our own country. The new method of obtaining nitrogen from the air has increased the manufacture of this necessary element to such a degree that Germany, it is reported, now has more nitrogen than she needs for the manufacture of ammunition. Coal tar and benzole, which can be produced in unlimited quantities in Germany, are the base of many necessary materials, especially gasoline. According to the report, the latter is made in sufficient quantities to supply all demands. These new processes and methods may in general be more expensive than the corresponding imports would have been in time of peace, but they have not weakened Germany's domestic finances. A great number of these inventions will be utilized and improved after the war.

**Great Britain.**—In a speech recently made in Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George put an end to the rumors that a



commercial war would be waged by the Allies, and especially by Great Britain, on the Central Powers at the end of the war. He did not deny that some changes in the trade relations existing between the great nations might be necessitated after the conclusion of peace, but he denied that there was any intention on the part of Great Britain of prolonging commercial hostilities or of exacting commercial reprisals after the military and naval hostilities had ceased. This announcement, made officially in the House of Commons, will be welcome to the world at large.

The strike difficulties at Liverpool have been practically settled. The discontent among the munition workers of Glasgow has also been checked, to a certain extent, by the deportation of a number of the ringleaders among the malcontents, so that many of the strikers have returned to work; but the fact that from 1,600 to 1,800 men are still out of the shops, and that their grievances are shared by munition workers in many other parts of Great Britain, is causing the Minister of Munitions considerable anxiety.

After the Council of the Allies at Paris, which is the most important conference held since the beginning of the war, because it was attended by the military leaders, the Prime Ministers, the Ministers of Finance, and other Ministers of the Allies, Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, proceeded to Rome, where it is reported he was given a most enthusiastic welcome by the Italian populace. This and other incidents of the visit of England's Premier to the Eternal City have been overshadowed in the eyes of Catholics by the audience that was accorded him by the Pope, for, in company with Sir Henry Howard, the British Minister to the Vatican, Mr. Asquith called on the Holy Father. The details of the conference have not been made known, but it is probable, in spite of rumors to the contrary, that the incident had no purpose beyond a simple, kindly exchange of courtesies. To Catholics, however, the meeting is very significant, because it evidences a kindlier feeling on the part of official England toward the Vatican.

**Ireland.**—The *Weekly Freeman* and the *Irish Weekly Independent* devote a considerable space in their latest issue to the deputation which waited upon Mr. Lloyd

#### **The Munitions Claims**

George with reference to the production of munitions in Ireland. The committee maintains that Ireland is entitled to a far greater outlay on war-material than has been so far granted, for the country has the men and machinery required to produce munitions on a much larger scale. The Lord Mayor of Dublin frankly said that Irishmen are being treated "in a miserable fashion" considering the amount they have already contributed in men and money to the State. Mr. John Redmond, who introduced the deputation, showed that outside of the

munition plant at Arklow, the entire number employed in the production of munitions in the South of Ireland was only 2,105 men and 257 women, a number which, in view of the possibilities, he called absurd. The deputation asked for the extension and full equipment of the national shell-factory in Dublin, the establishment of a national factory in Cork, and of fuse and filling factories and of a receiving depot for all war materials in Dublin. Mr. Redmond urged as reasons for these concessions Ireland's ability to do the work efficiently, her poverty, and the heavy war-tax imposed upon her. Mr. Lloyd George, in reply, made a general promise to give Ireland a "fair share" of all work "proposed," future extensions and increase of work, and made a profession of his sympathy with the country and its industrial development. But at the present moment, he said, no factories could be equipped in Ireland beyond those already set up, because he had not the machinery. This, however, might be available, he thought, after three months. The *Weekly Freeman* seems satisfied with the result of the deputation. The *Irish Weekly Independent* thinks the claims postponed, and says that the sympathies of the Minister of Munitions "should assume substantial form at once."

**Mexico.**—After a Cabinet meeting held at Queretaro, March 26, it was "officially announced" that Secretary Cabrera "had declared that the Administration would

#### **Religion and Morality**

shortly decree the confiscation of all properties of the clergy, which the nation would dispose of to increase its currency." According to the dispatch confiscation has already taken place in Aguascalientes, much to the joy of the Carranzistas. Cabrera, Minister of Finance, "expects millions to accrue from the seizure." This is the usual form of calumny; it calls for no comment. In the course of an able editorial the *New York Evening Sun* remarks:

To waste the words dishonesty, robbery, outrageousness on the contemplated step is useless. The whole tissue of Mexican politics since the fall of Huerta has been outrageousness. Human life, personal rights, property and public interest have been trampled impartially. Carranza's attitude to church property is simply a token of his unreadiness and incapacity to rear a sound Government.

The insane hatred of God and morality shown by the Carranzistas is illustrated by the following citations taken from a "primer destined to popularize scientific knowledge in order to do away with misconceptions and errors prejudicial to the progress of humanity."

The God of heaven wished to bring to His mansion the majority of mankind, but seeing that His rival (Satan) was worsting Him in the fight, He resolved to become man, and offer Himself in holocaust to protect His creatures. But after the passion and death of God made man, things grew worse than before, and the harvest of the devil did not diminish, despite such a great sacrifice. God sowed the field, the devil gathered the crop.

How can people who are able to read believe atrocities such as these, which cannot be handled even seriously? Oh, monks that brutalize the people! You are the real satans, the ones responsible for the miseries which afflict humanity; your hunger for money, dignity and honors has served to prostitute the human intelligence, and instead of truth, of scientific and redeeming knowledge, you have sown superstition, error and lies. At the door of your convents, of your cells and your churches, the multitude is gathering, aroused from the lethargy in which you kept it so long. It comes to call you to account for your crimes and to punish them; to destroy the instruments you have used to spread your fanaticism. It cares not for miters, for caps and birettas, for chasubles or chalices, for sacred altars, for saints or gods. It wants that scientific truth which will make it happy; it wants science, that religion of the day which, uniting men in the closest bonds, makes of humanity a homogeneous whole.

The primer from which this passage was taken was published under the auspices of the State Government of Yucatan, and is intended for the use of school children.

Under the command of Col. G. A. Dodd, a flying squadron of cavalry consisting of 275 men chosen for riding ability and power of endurance, undertook about the middle of last week to follow

*The Pursuit of Villa* Villa more closely. On March 29, the bandit was reported to have destroyed two railroad bridges and other property at Santo Tomas, and in an attack on the towns of Guerrero and Minaca, he killed the Carranzista garrison, consisting of 170 men. Five Americans, an Englishman and a German were also reported to be among the slain. But the morning after Villa took the town, he was attacked by Colonel Dodd's squadron; the result of the engagement is described in the following dispatch sent by General Pershing to General Funston:

San Geronimo Ranch, Mexico, March 30, 1916, by wireless to Columbus, N. M. Dodd struck Villa's command, consisting of 500, 6 o'clock March 29, at Guerrero. Villa, who was suffering from a broken leg and lame hip, was not present. Number Villa dead known to be thirty; probably others carried away dead. Dodd captured two machine guns, large number horses, saddles and arms. Our casualties four enlisted men wounded; none seriously. Attack was surprise, the Villa troops being driven in a ten-mile running fight and retreated to mountains northwest of railroad, where they separated into small bands . . . (deleted by censor). Large number of Carranzista prisoners who were being held for execution were liberated during the fight. In order to reach Guerrero Dodd marched fifty-five miles in seventeen hours and carried on fight for five hours . . . (deletion). Eliseo Hernandez, who commanded Villa's troops, was killed in fight. With Villa permanently disabled, Lopez wounded and Hernandez dead, the blow administered is a serious one to Villa's band.

This official dispatch was later amended in some minor details and later still its accuracy was called into doubt by wires from El Paso, to the effect that Villa, who had been reenforced by deserters from Carranza, had not been wounded but was carrying on his campaign in safety.

**Rome.**—On Monday, March 6, the Holy Father received in solemn audience the parish priests of Rome, and the clergy selected as Lenten preachers in the different churches of the city. After

#### *Allocution to the Lenten Preachers*

the presentation made by Cardinal Pompili, the Holy Father addressed to those assembled a discourse which is a clear and logical exposition of the dignity, the duty and the responsibility of the preacher of the Gospel. The address is a simple, but effective development of the words which the bishop pronounces over the preacher kneeling at his feet to receive his blessing: "May the Lord be on thy heart and on thy lips, so that worthily, competently and fruitfully thou mayest announce His Gospel." Commenting on the words: "The Lord be on thy lips," the Pope says:

It is needless to explain that "God is on our lips" when we love to speak of Him often, when we are zealous for His glory, when we combat for His rights, when we increase His adorers, and above all, when we inculcate the observance of the law which He has promulgated. . . . For you . . . we wish to deem superfluous the admonition to preach no other than God. You certainly condemn those who preach themselves; you also extend your condemnation to those who take into the pulpit subjects not strictly religious, or who therein treat of profane matters. . . .

With the wisdom, born of his own pastoral duties in Bologna, the Holy Father reminds his hearers that it is necessary not only to treat subjects of true religious interest, but also to treat them with simplicity of language, propriety of form, clearness of exposition, and above all, with appropriate emphasis, "not devoting too much effort to moving the affections, to the end that an ephemeral enthusiasm . . . may not take the place of serious reflection, mother of good resolution." The address, given in its entirety in *Rome*, is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. It is a convincing proof of the Holy Father's theoretical and practical grasp of the preacher's duties and art.

The many friends of His Eminence Cardinal Falconio will be pleased to hear of his appointment as Prefect of the Congregation of Religious in succession to Cardinal

#### *New Honors for Cardinal Falconio*

Serafini, who has been transferred to the Prefecture of the Congregation of Propaganda. Cardinal Falconio, himself a member of the Order of Friars Minor is well qualified by training and experience to direct the affairs of such an important Congregation. During his residence as Apostolic Delegate in Canada and in the United States he gained an intimate knowledge of English-speaking peoples and of conditions in the "new world," which will be of great service to him in his new office. The new office of Cardinal Serafini is of great importance, for the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is the department of the pontifical administration charged with the spread of the Faith and the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs in distinctly non-Catholic countries.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## The Apocrypha

AS far as the contents of the Old Testament Scriptures are concerned, the Bible of professed Christians, as published today, appears under two principal forms. On the one hand, the Bible of Catholics contains the seven books of Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Machabees I and II and certain parts of the books of Esther and Daniel, and presents them all as of equal authority with the other sacred writings composed before Our Lord's coming. On the other hand, the Bible of Protestants denies the right of these same books and parts of books to be reckoned as an integral part of the Christian Old Testament, for it either omits them altogether, or distinctly presents them as of inferior authority to the Old Testament Scriptures by setting them apart under the disparaging title of "Apocrypha." Hence the question naturally arises: Which of the two Bibles, the Catholic or the Protestant, presents the view which Christians should take of the so-called Apocrypha? To this question, the following is our brief answer:

Centuries before the rise of Protestantism, there existed a Bible in current use among the professed disciples of Christ, and it was a Bible of a well-defined Christian type. The genuine copies of it were held in deep reverence by men who accepted their own Scriptures as the written Word of God. All such copies, to be reputed complete, had to contain both the Old and the New Testaments and to present each Testament with all its integral parts, as these parts were actually acknowledged to be "Scripture" by Christians at large, not as they might chance to be regarded either by outsiders to the Christian faith or even by private Christians however great their reputation for personal learning and piety. The wonder then is not that up to the time of the Protestant Reformation there was but one Bible, all the contents of which were received as "Scripture" throughout Christendom, but that since this fateful date such is no longer the case. And this wonder is increased by the fact that the two Bibles now in existence, the Catholic and the Protestant, plainly point by their general features to the single Christian Bible of old as to their common prototype. Like that ancient Christian Bible, they are both supplied with an Old and a New Testament. Like it too, they both reproduce the same books in their New Testament, and present them in the very same order in spite of Luther's well-known efforts to do away with this. Again, like the same ancient Christian Bible, they both present those books of the Old Testament which they have in common, in exactly the same order, although this order is materially different from the one found in the Hebrew Text which the Protestant Bible professes to translate directly. Finally, the actual contents of these two Bibles are manifestly viewed by their respective Chris-

tian advocates, from the same standpoint as the actual contents of the one Bible of old were viewed by all Christians: each of these two Bibles distinctly claims to contain the exact Scriptures to be admitted by all Christians, and the contents of each are evidently transmitted without regard to what private individuals, within or without the Christian fold, may think of the rightfulness of this claim. Apparently then, the difference above stated between the two present Bibles with regard to the contents of the Old Testament is to be accounted for by a deviation of either Bible from the rightful contents of the single Bible of the ancient Christians. And in point of fact, Protestants now charge Catholics with having made undue additions to the Sacred Scriptures composed before Our Lord's time, while Catholics assert that Protestants are the ones who mutilated these same Scriptures.

That the Catholic Bible offers no deviation from the prototype Christian Bible with regard to the so-called Apocrypha of the Old Testament, is a fact which can be easily ascertained by the student of history. In this respect, the present Catholic Bible is exactly the same as was proclaimed to be "Scripture" by the Council of Trent, April 1, 1546. It is also in distinct agreement with the Christian Bible as it was copied and circulated under the name of the Vulgate during the Middle Ages, and with the Old Latin Version made as far back as the second century of our era. It contains the so-called Apocrypha exactly as these were transmitted both East and West in the Greek copies of the Christian Scriptures back to the very age of the New Testament writers, nay more, as these were found in the Old Testament which was allowed in the earliest days of Christianity for the use of neophytes both Jewish and Gentile, and from which the inspired authors of the New Testament usually drew their quotations of Holy Writ. And let it be borne in mind that the present Catholic Bible not only contains the so-called Apocrypha in agreement with the primitive Christian Old Testament, but that it presents them in the light in which they were presented by the one Christian Bible of olden days. In both the Catholic Bible of today and the primitive Christian Bible there is nothing to distinguish such books from the other Scriptures of the Old Testament, and it is well known that the most decided opponents of the same books in Christian antiquity knew full well that these books also were considered as Scripture by Christians at large, and these opponents quoted them themselves as "Holy Scripture."

That, on the contrary, the Protestant Bible presents a positive deviation from the prototype Christian Bible with regard to the contents of the Old Testament Scriptures readily follows from the fact just established, viz., that the so-called Apocrypha are no undue addition on the part of Catholics to the ancient Christian Bible. This readily follows also from certain significant facts which are directly connected with the early circulation of the Protestant Bible. History supplies the date of 1534 as the one when the title of Apocrypha, in its Protestant

sense, was first prefixed to a distinct group of writings in a Bible which professed to offer to Christians the exact contents of the Scriptures composed before the coming of Christ. History proves that this Protestant sense of the word "Apocrypha" was indeed a deviation from the ancient faith of Christians concerning the books thus designated in the early (German, Swiss, French, English) Protestant Bibles; for, as is distinctly acknowledged by the learned Protestant scholar, E. Schürer: "In the ancient Church and in the Middle Ages, the designation 'Apocryphal' was almost never applied to those books we [Protestants] commonly describe as the Apocrypha. Jerome and a few isolated writers are the only ones who do so. The use of the word in this sense is Protestant." (*Schaff-Herzog Encyc.*, vol. 1, p. 99, N. Y. 1877) History bears witness to the fact that after English Protestants had been supplied with copies presenting the so-called Apocrypha set apart from the other books of the Old Testament, two Books of Homilies were officially published (1547, 1563) for the church use of English parsons wherein passages from Tobias and Wisdom were quoted as Scripture, and Baruch was called a prophet: a manifest trace of the distinct belief which once pervaded all Christendom, in the equal Divine authority of the Old Testament writings, the so-called Apocrypha included. Finally, history shows that the early Reformers deliberately made the only Scriptures acknowledged by the Jews after their rejection as God's chosen people the standard of the contents of their Old Testament for professed Christians, and that consequently the same Reformers deliberately preferred in this regard the view of outsiders to the Christian faith, to that Christian faith itself.

The foregoing brief remarks concerning the so-called Apocrypha should lead any one who claims to be a Christian to the two following conclusions: (1) Of the two Bibles published for the use of professed disciples of Christ, the Catholic is the one which presents all the books of a Christian Old Testament in the exact light in which they all should be viewed, viz. as Scripture; (2) In proclaiming all the books of the Old Testament in the Catholic Bible to be equally Scripture, the Fathers of the Council of Trent simply asserted the distinct belief of Christian antiquity in this regard, and thereby proved themselves the worthy successors of those to whom Christ gave the solemn mission and assurance: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (*Matt. xxviii*, 19, 20.) FRANCIS E. GIGOT.

*Dunwoodie Seminary, N. Y.*

#### Censorship Needed but Not Wanted

THE scribe on the daily secular press who signs his matutinal column with initials only, has an unseemly fondness for finding the joint in the armor of those who would correct the laxities of the stage. The

good-natured, good-intentioned police of the larger cities are held up to the unrestrained scorn of a mirth-worshipping, paper-reading public, whenever they attempt to curb the license of theatrical magnates. Nor are the police alone the butt of sustained ridicule; any agency of society, the moment it lays a finger on the sores of the theater, is forthwith lampooned by those of the vitriolic pen. In a short, crisp, and possibly epigrammatic, sentence, the accumulated "wisdom" of years tags the unfortunate hopper-for-better-things as an imbecile, an incompetent, a prude, a "silly Billie" ill at ease unless he has a mother to attend him! The mechanicians of these columns of compressed wit and humor never venture upon an argument; logic and wit are apt to prove unagreeable; and further, logic reveals the lack of mental solidity much sooner than a continued indulgence in wit.

Within the last few months from many quarters there seems to be a surplus of newspaper energy directed against censorship. The inspection of films by competent moral authority; the viewing of stage productions not so much from the side of art as from the angle of human behavior; the suggestion that the police, or if not the police, some other division of city government, should be placed in a position to control the extravagances of opera, musical comedy, the "movies": these exhortations toward theatrical betterment have been so persistently repeated by restrained thinkers, that the secular newspaper scribe seeks to whirl the wind his way. Hence the abundance of monitions against censorship launched in the daily press; hence, too, the frequency and piquancy and acrimony of paragraphs by "press humorists."

Who has not noticed this concerted effort to prevent censorship? Who has not also noticed the uniformity with which even the reporters indulge their vinegar-soaked narratives at the expense of any body which protests and takes action against the lubricity of the theater? Evidently, then, there are many who do not *want* censorship. They have indicated their horror at the mere thought of it, not to mention its practical application. Can it be that in protesting *for* laxity they wish to make clear their love of it? Or is the whole matter in its final reduction a question of money? Can it be that the counting-room, which handles the broad-sheets of questionable theatrical advertising, is arranging with the news and editorial departments to parallel the "ads" with columns of "news," "press-agent" gossip and apparently thoughtful consideration of the needs of the stage? Let the reader answer. Good men will not think anyone base enough actually to love looseness; but they might be moved to think that many can be brought to excuse and even defend it, for money! Yes, there are many who do not *want* censorship. The question really lies between *want* and *need*. And in this instance, as in many others, it may be found that what is not wanted, is unquestionably what is most needed.

A few weeks ago the police department of New York City informed the manager of the Russian ballet that he



could not continue his performance unless he "toned down" the excesses which were being offered to curious New Yorkers. Mr. Manager immediately countered saying that art had privileges which the police could not withdraw, or something to that effect. This plea of "art for art's sake" is very ancient, indeed, but even today it is wonderfully useful. Sensuality is permissible when it takes on the habiliments of art. Remove the trappings and no one would plead in its defense. All would abhor it, all would shun it. That is the Satanic element of the argument. Sensuality without adornment is gross and repulsive. Sensuality under the name of art leads those who know better, who seek to go higher, to accept a base substitute for their aspirations. They excuse that in the form of "art" which under another name they would sternly condemn. In other words, were the sponsors of the Russian ballet, or any other theatrical group for that matter, to offer, without the so-called concomitant of "art" and "opera," the exact performances given today, the community in which the abominations were perpetrated would rise in its wrath and give a sudden, awful demonstration of executive power! Do we *need* censorship? The answer does not come so promptly.

So much for opera. Now a word or two about the deluge of farce which has been helping "the tired business man" to recover his poise and peace of mind. During the last year there entered into theatrical history at least six successful farces. In running over the titles of them the cunning excuse again appears, that sensuality, as long as it is artistic or artful, is not sensuality but "art." Generally the titles of these six farces contain a hint of forbidden things: marital treason; loose living; the uncertain treading of the bibulous; "stockings," "beds," and similar intimacies are found in the names of the offerings. I have not attended a single one of the six, and for this I am duly thankful. But Robert Herrick in a recent article explains what he saw. The reprinting of much of it would be out of place in AMERICA so I confine myself to the less fervid and less plainly stated passages:

One evening I happened in by chance at a popular Broadway house where quite mechanical vaudeville is offered at high prices to large audiences. There was dancing of all sorts, of course, and fifty dubiously attractive females were progressively denuding themselves of clothes as the evening passed on. . . . The climax was a costume . . . scant above and below. . . . It was not lovely. . . . It was the sex appeal crudely presented. . . . Yet this show has been running all winter on Broadway to crowded houses.

There you have a partial description of an act which has been used many times for several seasons, in all its vileness. The millions who must have attended these "successful" performances certainly are not partisans for censorship; but who would question any insistence on the *need* for censorship? Mr. Herrick attended several of the "successful" farces mentioned in the course of this article and there he found that the public delighted, not in the vice, because they knew there was

"nothing wrong," but in the implication and, I might add, the complications, too. Mr. Herrick explains thus: "These same men and women would not sit through a serious presentation of intrigue with serious motives and intentions. There would be talk about 'certain things are not fitted for public representation.'" Yes, it is quite clear again, that too many of us do not *want* censorship; and it is also quite as clear that we *need* it.

Vaudeville, farce, opera, the drama: each has gone to extremes. They have been followed by the "silent drama." This form of amusement has a partial excuse, or perhaps two, in that it has inherited all the follies of its predecessors in popular favor; and secondly, it is new and not sure of itself. The better companies producing photo-plays, though not arguing in favor of censorship, are striving might and main to head it off by cleaning their own productions and foregathering with offending producers and pleading with them to "beware the handwriting on the wall." The plea of "art" is as much a stock in trade with the motion-picture press agent and film reviewer as it is with many of the theatrical agents who have persistently offended in the past. They cover up the vicious appeal with handsome manhood, appealing womanhood, trappings of fabulous worth; and in spite of this, the suggestion or invitation to let down the barriers is there in all its intensity. Many of those who tolerate this attack on their virtue when it is made with the sop of "art" would retreat horror-stricken were it offered without the art! We need censorship to snip off the evil outcroppings in our amusement world, and the *need* is growing year by year, just as surely as the *want* of numbers of those desiring it is decreasing.

EDWARD F. MOHLER.

#### An Essay on Two Churches

SOME months ago, indeed it is now over a year, I stood on the top of the great tower that lends such power to the Catholic Cathedral of London, the Cathedral which bears the title of Westminster. But it is not of this sanctuary that I would write. Rather would I write of two other churches, which with the eye naked I could see from the great pinnacle on which I stood, the first, the Abbey, which also carries the surname of Westminster, and the second its natural corollary, St. Paul's. The sites of these two churches are pivots, as it were, upon which the history of London, and of England, turns.

A similar dualism between the cathedral of the capital and the King's palace and sacring-place or shrine without the walls, is a common feature of Europe, in the lesser as in the greater realms. The King's town and court and the place from which he exercised the power to make and to enforce his laws were, ever since Rome fell, either too zealously guarded, if within the boundaries of a city, or more commonly established without its walls. But in the case of London and Westminster, of St.

Paul's and of the Abbey, the dualism was strict and exact. The Kings of France were buried at St. Denis, but crowned at Reims. The Kings of England were both crowned and buried at Westminster. The King's Court moved in France outward from palace to palace, from the Island to the Louvre, from the Louvre to Versailles; for six hundred years the symbol of legislative power has stood in England at Westminster. Elsewhere the old palace of the King has, when the King has abandoned it, remained the hall of his judges. At Westminster, until this generation, the legislature of the realm, the sepulcher of its monarchs, the sacring-place of them, lay all in one group of buildings and within the call of one messenger in one moment. This custom, or necessity, or instinct for a separate regal village outside the walls of the capital is earlier even than Westminster. You have it first in the establishment of the great Abbey of Hyde outside the walls of Winchester, which was Alfred's capital, and it was before the altar of Hyde that Alfred lay buried. Hyde has gone, destroyed in the revolution of the sixteenth century; Westminster, by a happy accident, remains.

St. Paul's has a history curiously less famous; "curiously" because throughout the Middle Ages it had a far higher fame than Westminster, and the tradition of its great antiquity made it known throughout Europe where the name of Westminster had never been heard. Indeed it may be imagined that, but for the accident of the Great Fire, St. Paul's would to this day rival in the minds of Englishmen the peculiar sanctity of the Abbey, and would certainly stand abroad for more than the Abbey does. But the spirit of the Middle Ages which cannot be wholly destroyed, where its material vesture remains, the antiquity of the stone, the happy preservation of the glass, and particularly, it is to be imagined—in the case of American or Colonial visitors at least—the peculiar richness of Henry the Seventh's chapel, the last expression of the older England, render visible the antiquity of Westminster: to the eye of the antiquary St. Paul's has disappeared.

We must presume that the summit of the hill overlooking the main western gate of London had always had about it some sacred character, and like the Tiberian altar in Paris, the relics of a shrine to Diana had been recognized or imagined in the foundations of the Cathedral. The persistent tradition that St. Paul himself visited these islands modern scholarship will neglect, because it would lend too much substance to the early history of the Church. But it is not insignificant that the two chief towns of the West, in area certainly, probably in wealth, were Rome and London, and that the two Apostles had each his shrine in the center of London and of Rome. St. Paul's was, moreover, throughout the Middle Ages characteristic of the wealth and greatness of London in its magnitude. Its spire was the highest in Europe. Cologne, only recently completed, and Ulm might now rival it; Strasburg, which once rivalled it, was not so

tall. In length it was the chief of European temples, and when the dimensions of each of the great churches were marked out in brass upon the floor of St. Peter's in Rome, the limits of St. Paul's, of London, stretched far beyond the rest. It was not only characteristic in its dimensions, but in its detail also. The comparatively low roof of the nave, as in Winchester, the square east end with its great perpendicular window, the tall closed spire, the preservation of the Romanesque in the transepts, the limitless perspectives of the naves, the extension of the cruciform plan, were characteristically English, and if English cathedrals dominated the towns for which they were built more even than did those of the Continent—it is true of Salisbury, of Chichester, of Lincoln—and of Canterbury in a special way—St. Paul's dominated London more than any.

To one coming in by the great road from Europe, and catching his first sight of it from the height above Greenwich, it must have seemed a sort of climax to which all the buildings on the hill of London, with the low squat towers of the little chapels and the great warehouses along the river front, led up. Not even the great blunt and blind spire of St. Dunstan's balancing it to the east could rival St. Paul's. The thing was as much the spear-point of a sheaf of spires as Chartres, seen from the Eure, is the summit of climbing buttresses and of its hill.

It is the irony of a continuous history that well-kept records permit us little beyond a regret for what we have been compelled to lose. The fate of St. Paul's is characteristic of what too great an accuracy of record must arouse in us. We know that fate exactly. Early in Elizabeth's reign the great spire was struck by lightning, and from that moment the great Cathedral stood looking lopped and humble enough as twenty prints show it to us, throughout the loss of the Gothic, throughout its Puritan uses. To the western front was added a classical portico in the manner of the seventeenth century, much as a similar addition was made to St. Eustache in Paris at the same time, and later to the Cathedral of Metz, which last has been lately replaced by some modern Gothic of the most appalling kind. The portico was graceful and strong. Wren did well to regret it. We have drawings of the Cathedral in this last stage: they are ample, and, for the perspective of the interior in particular, of peculiar interest. It is lucky that they were made so late in the story of the fabric, for in the Great Fire that fabric entirely disappeared.

The determination to rebuild St. Paul's, the success of that achievement, the reflection in it of the style of the time, all these have obliterated for Englishmen and Londoners the memory not only of the old building but of the thousand years of which that building was the symbol. There is no capital in Europe which more lacks the Gothic, and which begins more sharply and more modernly than London. Rome indeed was swept by the spirit of the seventeenth century almost as though by a fire, and the marks of that spiritual storm are all over it



today. London was swept by a physical as well as by a moral flame. One consequence followed, however, of value to the town, which is that, precisely from its rarity, the restricted Gothic nucleus of Westminster stands very marked. The Abbey received those strange towers which custom has endeared to us. Westminster Hall was backed and almost swallowed up in the huge business which Pugin would have made glorious and which Barry vulgarized. But still the Abbey and Westminster Hall remain, and it is of interest to note that in modern additions to this last the very best of our Gothic restoration has achieved success. The large committee room, which stands out west from the northern end of the Hall, is perhaps the best piece of modern Gothic in a country which, alone in Europe, has learnt at last how to reproduce exactly the stonework of the Middle Ages.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

#### Shakespeare's Poetry

THE critic of Shakespeare's poetry is not without some danger of appearing like Peter Pindar's "tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back." Its tropical luxuriance guards in all seasons the tangled tracteries of its inner framework. Any poetry defies satisfactory analysis; but Shakespeare's is so exuberant with life and energy as to be the worst possible subject for Aristotelean autopsies. Coleridge and Hazlitt have probably done all that can be done in that direction for some time to come; a few scattered foot-notes, some of them suggested by the century, since they wrote, are all that the ordinary critic can safely attempt in a short and general survey.

During that century modern civilization is conceded to have plunged more than ever into materialism, due mainly, it is said, to the utilitarian philosophy of Shakespeare's contemporary, Francis Bacon. Now there are two things which a materialistic age is inclined to despise: supernatural religion and great poetry. And these are precisely the two things which a materialistic age, which can crush so many things into extinction, cannot crush. Man's instincts for the spiritual, whether in the natural order or the supernatural, will, like the spring-grass, force their way upward through the most adamant soil. That is why Shakespeare's name overpeers Bacon's in scientific times like ours.

Most of us are apt to forget, I think, that splendid success of even a material kind is quite impossible unless spiritual forces cooperate with science in a predominating partnership. Show that poetry has a great deal to do with measurable success and you will capture the attention of the most prosaic man. This fact, together with the innate reverence for fine things, lurking somewhere beneath the fuss and fury of the noisiest civilization, will always insure a hearing for Shakespeare.

The value of Shakespeare's poetry as a national asset must be a cause of envy to England's rival states. If Newman's phrase about Cicero, that "others wrote Latin, he wrote Roman," could be adapted intelligibly, it might be said in all truth that other English writers were national, Shakespeare was imperial. He gathered up the best strains in his race, transfigured and glorified them with his genius, and transmitted to posterity the result as a tradition which permeated, expanded, and inspired all national life from the highest almost to the lowest. Science might build English ships, and gather her armies; but the spirit of Shakespeare's poetry put vigor into her councils, courage into her ships, and valor into her armies. More than that: Homer, by being the text-book of young Greeks for hundreds of years, was

in a position to mold Greek national life; Shakespeare performs the same function for his own land, and moreover invades the schoolrooms abroad. Young Americans may be said to be brought up on Shakespeare. What a tremendous advantage this gives England! It is impossible to read Shakespeare without conceiving respect for an Englishman, even if you happen to hate him. If you do not happen to hate him, you will be inclined not only to respect him but to like him, from a distance at least, simply because he is of the same blood as Shakespeare. This is what is called national prestige, and it is of immense value in a grossly material sense to any state. Shakespeare's poetry has greater influence in the chancelleries of the world than newspapers think of allowing. We are a big nation, "a new nation with an old language"; but even a retired ironmaster must see how badly off we are in not having a Shakespeare of our own to furnish forth the youth of other nations with a long frieze of golden memories and inspire it with respect and admiration for American national life and ideals. A poet of the first rank would be worth a fleet of battleships and several parks of artillery in increasing the *morale* of our men and impressing the imagination of our foes. That practical politician, Richelieu, knew what he was doing when he founded the French Academy to perfect French literature and so extend French influence beyond French borders.

The ethical quality which gives Shakespeare's poetry this vast hold on mankind is the same with him as it is with Homer, Vergil and Dante. It gives us the impression of a strong mind, controlling strong passions, which will not tolerate nonsense and sickly fancies in the face of life's chief issues. Professor Saintsbury in a recent book has made "manliness" the test of excellence among the writers of the eighteenth century. Whatever may be said against such a theory in general, in the case of Shakespeare it works out admirably. Rightly or wrongly, Shakespeare's poetry makes us feel that he was a man, with all the mental strength and moral balance which the phrase implies. Inferior poets sometimes stir our disdain by oddity, weakness, wilful or helpless perversion. Few can ever feel disdain for Shakespeare even when he is most careless. Shakespeare has been called a skeptic. Well, so has Newman. That criticism of Shakespeare's manliness is negligible.

I do not desire to minimize the guilt of Shakespeare's unworthy condescensions to the grossness of his times. Still, I do not see why they should surprise us even when they shock us. Shakespeare, while not a worldly man, was after all, only a man of the world, whose personal philosophy of life does not include moral restraints of a heroic order. If he sometimes acted the part of a "vulgar amourist" he was only conforming with current lyric fashions. If he sometimes spoke in terms which his "drum and trumpet" audiences in the Globe were likely to receive with rapture, he was consciously demeaning himself under the stress of strong temptation. How strong, we can infer from the historic probability that his audience was not much, if at all, better than such as might gather at a modern prize-fight. This flower of all poetry grew out of the backyards of Elizabethan London. Let us hastily shake off the adhesions from its roots and not withhold some grateful tribute of admiration to the degree of moral resistance actually displayed. After all, the license of the slums is not quite so insidious or deadly as that found in high places and in the pages of living celebrities like Shaw, Wells and Galsworthy.

Shakespeare's moral equilibrium is the natural accompaniment of his supreme art. The latter has never been found divorced from the former.

The characteristic of Chaucer, says Hazlitt, is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakespeare, everything. It has been said by some critic that Shakespeare was distinguished from the other dramatic writers of his day only by his wit; that they had all his other qualities but that; that one writer had as

much sense, another as much fancy, another as much knowledge of character, another the same depth of passion, and another as great a power of language. The statement is not true, nor is the inference from it well founded. Even if it were, this person does not seem to have been aware that, upon his own showing, the great distinction of Shakespeare's genius was its virtually including the genius of all the great men of his age, and not his differing from them in one accidental particular.

The justice of this observation becomes only more apparent with the progress of time and the growth of our literature. When the spirit of English poetry returned from her French exile toward the close of the eighteenth century there was no Shakespeare to bring her back. Shakespeare, indeed, was partially renewed, but in no one man. His splendor was shattered and prismatically apportioned among many. Coleridge shared his power over mystical and concrete imagery; Shelley, his ethereal fancy; Keats, his word-magic and color; Wordsworth, his contemplative intensity; Byron, his oratorical passion; Scott, his sympathetic vision of the past. Later on Tennyson inherited strains of his music; and Browning some of his dramatic insight. But none of them owned his easy mastery over blank verse, his sweep and depth of passion, or his weird skill in creating character. Their genius had in each instance an excellence of its own, it is true; but it was an excellence already possessed virtually by Shakespeare.

How that wonderful man, living obscurely in London three hundred years ago, taking no great credit to himself and seeking no extraordinary recognition nor rewards, can still move us, so remote from him in time and customs! Some casual trifle, like

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,

though we never saw a daffodil in the fields nor a mountain top at dawn, fails not for the hundredth time, to recall from the depths of buried impressions the poignant and swiftly transient thrill of some holy morning or some lovely spring day, long, long ago. Again:

*Hamlet.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Horatio.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Hamlet.* What hour now?

*Horatio.* I think it lacks of twelve.

That is quite enough. Adventure and mystery are abroad and we are ready to gallop after to the end.

It is the little simplicities of beauty that bring the reader of Shakespeare up standing. The profound truths of nature his mind saw, as other great minds before and after him have been able to see; his genius, once acknowledged, makes the forceful and clear statement of those truths almost a matter of course. But the careless, tossed-off flourishes, the slender incidents of his progress, which have the power of incantations over the shy and secret places of the heart, are always a surprise and a keen delight. On the other hand, it may be said that, like all true nobility, his only shows the more resplendent in familiar, everyday experiences. He surpasses Vergil in imparting airs of distinction to the commonplace.

In my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

It has been said that our very street signs are painted better because Titian lived; and with equal truth one may venture to believe that the English verses of schoolboys are better because we have had a Shakespeare. It can scarcely be doubted that the modern supremacy of English literature in poetry is due to his

overshadowing influence and example. Just sixty-two years after Shakespeare's death Dryden called him "the divine Shakespeare," and added: "It is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure, and that he who began Dramatic Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as Ben Johnson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him." After more than two centuries this judgment has not been reversed; on the contrary, its seeming extravagance has dwindled into a platitude of criticism verging on understatement.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

#### Catholic Books in Our Public Libraries

A MORE appropriate title, perhaps, would be "Catholic Books *Not* in Our Public Libraries," since the files in many of these libraries bear witness to a remarkable dearth of Catholic books on the library shelves. This deficiency is most noticeable in the libraries of smaller cities. To begin with works of history, it may be noted in many instances that among the numerous volumes found in these libraries there is not a single volume giving the *Catholic* history of the Catholic Church; nor any history of the Reformation written by a Catholic, although several such histories may be found written by non-Catholic, or even anti-Catholic writers.

Nor do these shelves contain *Catholic* histories of the Church's religious Orders, institutions and missions, although, as a rule, there may be found numerous volumes giving the histories of the sectarian churches and of Protestant organizations and missions. And yet, even the most prejudiced mind cannot but admit that the Church is the oldest, the largest and the strongest of the Christian organizations, and that she is likewise the only universal organization that the world has ever known. On these grounds alone, histories of the Catholic Church and her work are entitled to a place on the shelves of our public libraries. These libraries contain generous representations of the histories of modern nations written by non-Catholics but very few written by Catholics. And yet, the Catholic Church is the mother of modern history; and a modern history that leaves out the "Church of Rome" is as incomplete as an ancient history that leaves out the "Empire of Rome."

In one of these libraries, whose files the writer examined, were found some 130 volumes of history, all of the strictly Protestant variety, while the only thing found in this line, even on the Catholic order, were some of the works of Francis Parkman. The reference-room in this library contained many kinds and many volumes of reference books and encyclopedias, including the "Jewish Encyclopedia," but not a single Catholic volume of any kind, and this, notwithstanding the fact that some of the very best and certainly some of the most authentic works of reference are the productions of Catholic authors. Among the poets were represented five Catholics, including Dante. Among the several hundred volumes of fiction, less than a dozen Catholic novelists were represented. On the library tables were Protestant missionary reviews and other sectarian publications, together with a variety of other representative periodicals, but no Catholic periodical of any kind.

This entire disproportion is significant. And then we Catholics sometimes wonder why those outside the Fold so often hold false views concerning things Catholic. Incidentally, those outside the Church not infrequently wonder why Catholics know apparently so little concerning things Catholic. This also is significant.

Many Catholics think this dearth of Catholic books in our public libraries is due to prejudiced discrimination on the



part of non-Catholic library committees. This may be true in some instances. More often the cause can be traced to diffidence and indifference on the part of the Catholic patrons of the public library. While it is true that, as a rule, the members of these committees are non-Catholics, it is also true that different members serve in this capacity in the course of time, and it certainly is unreasonable to suppose the greater number of these members exercise discrimination against Catholics. Besides, it is the business of library committees, prejudiced or unprejudiced, to supply those books for which proper application has been made by patrons of the library. Every library has rules governing such application, and, where these rules have been correctly observed, there is little reason to fear that the books will not in time be supplied. Catholics, moreover, by united, proper and persistent effort can secure an equitable representation of Catholic books on the library shelves.

As citizens and taxpayers, we are entitled to the exercise of the same privileges and rights as all other citizens and taxpayers. But if we make little effort to secure representative Catholic books for our public libraries, we should not complain overmuch of the prejudice of those who serve on library boards. The most unprejudiced or even the most pro-Catholic members of these committees can hardly be expected to recommend the purchase of books for which no demand has been made. For the taxes which we contribute to the public library's support we may make use of every privilege such a library affords; and not the least of these privileges is the exercise of a voice in the selection of the books that are to be offered to the reading public.

Catholics who would indignantly deny the charge that they are indifferent to their religion often manifest an astonishing indifference to one of the very best means of making their religion known to others and a little better known to themselves, namely, the dissemination of Catholic literature. This means is urgently and frequently recommended by the Church, especially in this day of a perverted, anti-Catholic press and of false philosophies and "tainted" fiction.

No better means exists for the dissemination of Catholic literature than through the medium of the public library. Persons of all creeds and persons of no creed have free access to the books and periodicals in the public libraries; and these libraries are the chief sources from which the general public will always obtain the greater part of its reading supply. Surely, then, regarding what shall be offered to the reading public, Catholics should be willing to exercise their right of selection.

In many instances Catholic books may be secured for the public library by the mere asking. The library in the writer's "home town" supplied practically every book named on a list prepared and presented by a number of the Catholic patrons of the library. For instance, a simple personal United States postal card request was made to the Indiana State Librarian for Charles Warren Stoddard's "Lepers of Molokai." An immediate reply was received stating that the book was not in stock, but that it would be ordered immediately and forwarded. The book was received by the applicant seven days later! But then, of course, that was in Indiana!

Excellent lists may be obtained from many different sources. There are many Catholic educators, writers, editors, publishers and librarians interested in this work, from any of whom may be obtained lists of desirable books. The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh issues a special catalogue of "Books by Catholic Authors." This list is exceptionally well classified and annotated and contains excellent suggestions for the selection of suitable books. Moreover, our Catholic periodicals contain book reviews which will direct the choice of desirable books.

In conclusion let me give the following statistics issued by the United States Bureau of Education. They indicate the extent of library activity in America:

There are over 18,000 regularly established libraries in the United States, containing more than 75,000,000 volumes; the number of volumes is an increase of 20,000,000 since 1908. Of the 2,849 libraries containing 5,000 volumes or over, 1,844 are classified as "public and society libraries," and 1,005 are school and college libraries. Public and society libraries have an aggregate of over fifty million volumes, with seven million borrowers' cards in force; 1,446 of these libraries were entirely free to the public. Libraries reporting from 1,000 to 5,000 volumes numbered 5,453, of which 2,188 were public and society libraries, and 3,265 school libraries. These libraries contained 11,689,942 volumes. Another group of still smaller libraries, comprising those that reported from 300 to 1,000 volumes, increased the total by 2,961,007 volumes.

The distribution of library facilities is still uneven. Of the 1,844 public and society libraries reported for the entire United States, more than half were in the North Atlantic States, and they contained 24,627,921 volumes out of the total of fifty millions; and of the three million volumes added to library collections for the year 1913, almost one-half were for the same section. New York State had 7,842,621 volumes in her 214 libraries; Massachusetts, 7,380,024 in 288 libraries; Pennsylvania, 3,728,070; and Illinois, 3,168,765 volumes. Four-fifths of the borrowers' cards in use were in the North Atlantic and North Central States.

Out of this vast array of books, Catholics should be able to prepare a satisfactory list of Catholic books to present at the next meeting of the library board.

M. CONGER.

#### The Social Action of the Spanish Clergy

WITHOUT noise and without parade, a great transformation is taking place today in Spain. It does not affect politics but the sphere of social action. The former is a sterile and unproductive ground, the latter gives ample room for sound initiative and noble Christian endeavor.

In Spain, agriculture is the very soul of the national life. The rural population, which lives on the land and devotes its energies and labors to its cultivation, forms the immense majority of the people. Compared to it, the industrial population constitutes but an insignificant minority in the various Provinces. Castile and Aragon, Navarre and Andalusia, Extremadura and Galicia are essentially agricultural districts. Their inhabitants are intellectually and educationally behind the times. But they are good and simple folk, morally sound and virtuous. So far they have been untainted by the breath of Socialism, rebellion and unbelief. Hence among our peasants, strikes, disturbances and riots are practically unknown. These peasants and tillers of the soil are law-abiding, humble, patient and self-controlled. But they have to fight against two enemies. The first is the *cacique politico* or political "boss," who, taking advantage of his wealth and influence, makes them feel the weight of his power and reduces them to the condition of the medieval serf. The second is the money-lender and usurer, who criminally exploits their inexperience, fleeces them of money and land, and thus renders impossible for them every economic and intellectual improvement.

The State, on the other hand, practically ignores the peasant. Political parties and Parliament remember the tillers of the soil only to render their condition still more painful, and to impose heavy taxes and burdens, which these unfortunate people find almost impossible to discharge.

But at last the hour of their deliverance has come. As usual it is the Catholic clergy which has assumed the task of breaking, without tumult or violence, their heavy chains. The motto: "Protect the Peasant! Help the Workman!" has everywhere been sounded in our "Catholic Social Weeks"

and "Catholic Social Congresses." Our Bishops have exhorted the priests of Spain to leave their churches and sacristies, and to go to the people, to the poor who suffer and toil, and to be their guides, advisers and friends. The generous priests of Spain have not been deaf to the call. In every part of the country they have started a campaign of "social-religious" improvement. The fruits obtained have been splendid and have exceeded all our expectations.

The secret of this success was the awakening of the "corporative instinct" among the rural population, hitherto, as said above, the victim of political bosses and unscrupulous usurers. Isolated and alone, the unfortunate peasant was individually helpless against these two evils. United to others fighting with him for common rights, he can now accomplish his end. Able and zealous Catholic leaders and organizers have set to work. Thanks to their labors and initiative, agricultural congresses, provincial and local federation meetings, presided over, directed and managed by the parish priests have taken place throughout the country. With due attention to the conditions and needs of the various provinces, districts and towns, and under the guidance of their protectors, rural savings banks have been established, life, accident and old-age insurance issued; fertilizers and farm machinery bought with a common fund to be used for the common good. Thanks to this mutual cooperation, to the "colonization" and cultivation of waste and untilled lands, and to similar means the moral and material conditions of our rural population are improving every day. It was only about twelve or fourteen years ago that this splendid work began. Today more than 2,000 of these rural associations are flourishing among us.

The rapid and extraordinary development of Catholic social action necessarily called for a central "organism" to give unity to its labors and efforts, direct individual initiative and enterprise, settle doubts and difficulties. Such a central body was furthermore needed in order to act as the accredited agent and representative of the associations with the Government and its various departments. That organism exists and is in full operation. Thanks to the initiative of his Eminence Cardinal Guisasaola, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, who has been appointed by the Holy See national President of the "Association and League of Catholic Social Action," a "Central Catholic Agrarian Board" has been founded in Madrid to further the ends and objects above mentioned.

Our Bishops have generously contributed the capital necessary to defray the expenses of this "Central Board." And it is only fair to note that the foundation and development of all these associations and unions, so beneficial to our rural population and the country in general, owe not a little of their success to the Apostolic Nuncio at Madrid, Mgr. Ragonesi. His high intelligence, his unflagging generosity and zeal have been constantly at their service, and have produced the most striking and beneficial results.

Thus while the wretched politics of the old school, wedded to its inseparable vices, to venality, intrigue and graft, are tending to demoralize and ruin the country, out there in our farms and in our fields, where the very soul and sinew of the nation are found, a great and peaceful revolution is taking place. In a very short time this revolution will create a numerous class of well-to-do and independent farmers and tillers of the soil, wrested from the thralldom of the political boss and the usurer, who up to this time have kept them in slavery, and left them but one sad privilege, that of dying of misery and hunger.

The moral and religious improvement of our numerous peasants necessarily follows their social and economic progress. For the people, seeing in the priest the herald and apostle of social and economic redemption, will necessarily

come to admire and love the Catholic Church; and those who, from ignorance or prejudice, have fallen away from her teaching will again throng her portals, full of gratitude and love.

NORBERTO TORCAL.

## COMMUNICATIONS

*Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words*

### Repeating the "Britannica's" Offenses

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

For the past four years I have been pestered with a succession of letters, circulars and booklets appealing to me to buy a set of the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Thanks to the criticisms, printed in AMERICA during the year 1911, of the anti-Christian, anti-Catholic, unhistorical and calumniating character of many of the articles included in its volumes, I have been saved from making such a mistake. Now it seems, with the aid of the machinery of a large Chicago mail-order company, a new circulation crusade has been undertaken, with the view no doubt of forestalling the disastrous effects that the world-war is having on so large a portion of the "Encyclopædia's" contents. In a very elaborate pamphlet, with the title "The Sum of All Knowledge," sent me in furtherance of this mail-order scheme, I find the following:

#### A LIBRARY FOR CATHOLICS

The new Britannica contains articles by Dignitaries of the Church on Doctrine; articles on the Lives of the Saints, Ritual, and Vestments; on all the Popes and Notable Churchmen; and on all Religious Orders. One of the earliest subscriptions came from the Holy Father for a set now in the Vatican Library; and every Catholic will be proud to see how nobly Cardinal Gibbons and other Church contributors have vindicated the claims of Churchmen to the highest position in scholarly, historical, and literary criticism. The articles on Catholic Doctrine are by Catholics, as those on Protestant Doctrine are by Protestants; and the Britannica satisfies the fearless demand of American Catholics for the fullest light on every subject. Father Hippolyte Delehaye, of the Society of Jesus, wrote thirty articles on subjects connected with this order.

As I remember, it was just because the principal claims asserted in the foregoing paragraph *could not justly be made* for the printed pages of the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that Catholics were advised not to subscribe for it.

It will be remembered that the editors' attention was called to much that was offensive to Catholics in the first issue of this edition. Four years have elapsed since that time, during which the editors, at very slight cost, could have avoided, eliminated and corrected those passages against which Catholics all over the world had indignantly protested. Their protests have been absolutely disregarded; and the errors, mis-statements, misrepresentations, slanders and false charges have all been repeated, for the new mail-order, photo-engraved, reduced edition, according to its advertisement, is an exact reproduction of the first issue of the eleventh edition. The original offense is therefore accentuated. In the issue that the editors are now recommending to Catholics, the articles by the Viscount St. Cyres, who is not a Catholic, on "The Roman Catholic Church" and on "Casuistry"; the shameful slanders of the Blessed Mother and of Leo XIII; the misrepresentation and shop-worn travesties of historical and religious truth in the article on the Jesuits, the latter all pointed out to the editor-in-charge before the original issue was printed and left uncorrected by him; the sneers in "Celibacy" and "Absolution," and so on



down the long list of malignant insinuations, incomplete and distorted statements, suppressions of truth and gross errors of fact, all are reproduced. Until they are corrected and eliminated it seems to me that the "Britannica" should find no favor whatsoever among Catholics, either in the mail-order issue or any other form.

Brooklyn.

A. O.

### "Operatic Voluntaries"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Stephen La Salle's stricture on church music, in the March 25 issue of AMERICA, will, I feel sure, find a responsive chord in many of your readers. Within the past year the organist of a New York church has conducted assembling worshipers to their seats through such mazes of distraction as multitudes of pagan banners waving before the Egyptian suitor of "Aida," swaying tapers lighting Lohengrin and Elsa on their nuptial journey, bebies of buxom maidens circling about an embarrassed Martha, glittering pageants of the time of Semiramide, and even through the sensuous and Mephistophelian atmosphere of "Faust." If the purpose of the "voluntary" is not to prepare the mind, through one's musical sense, for reception of things spiritual, why should it have any part in the church service? Surely it would be better that the organ remain silent than lead the thoughts of the congregation away from the sanctuary. It may be urged in defense of "operatic voluntaries" that the majority of hearers, either because of intensity of religious purpose or lack of wide acquaintance with music, escape this lure to worldly thought, through failure to recognize or comprehend what scenes or sentiments the pipes in the organ-loft are endeavoring to recall. There is certainly comfort in the knowledge that the distraction is not universal.

The church to which I referred above has a congregation ninety per cent of which is of Irish extraction. At Mass there, not long ago, the voluntary began with chords that at least one person in the church instantly recognized as Sullivan-esque. The changed tempo for a few bars disguised the "selection," but soon, to this discerning and, for the moment, unworshipful hearer, the truth was out: it was the "March of the Peers," from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." Inasmuch as the words of that stirring chorus invite the "humble masses and lower middle classes" to "bow down" in reverence to the House of Lords, it seemed, dare I say, providential that complete knowledge of what that particular organ was saying was hidden from that particular congregation. It could hardly have stimulated a devotional spirit.

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

NATHANIEL P. BABCOCK.

### The Place of "Cardinal"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I be permitted to call to your attention an item in the Book Reviews of your issue of January 29, page 380? In reviewing the reprint of "On the Scope and Nature of University Education. By Cardinal John Henry Newman," the writer says: ". . . the word 'Cardinal,' of course, should immediately precede 'Newman.'" Equally, of course, I should not think of splitting hairs on such a detail, were it not for the fact that the error in "style" in question has become so common as to be taken for the rule. Witness the criticism of your reviewer. As a matter of fact the form of address for a Cardinal used by the Secretariate of State and prescribed by the protocol is: "Sua Eminenza Reverendissima, Il Signor Cardinale Giovanni Newman," or simply "Il Cardinale Newman." The confusion comes from the fact

that a cardinal signs his name "John Henry Card. Newman," just as a canon signs: "John Can. Smith." I suppose that no one would address a canon as John Canon Smith. The forms of the protocol are so simple that the weird forms of address that one sees sometimes emanating even from diocesan chanceries are the less excusable. May I add to this carping, an assurance of my appreciation of your valuable publication? Cardinal Falconio passes his copy on to me, and I look forward to its arrival and read it from beginning to end with interest and profit.

Rome.

CHARLES W. HEATH.

[The usage followed by the author of the standard "Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman," by the publishers of the works of "John Henry Cardinal Newman," and by Cardinals themselves in their official documents and private letters, was my guide—The REVIEWER.]

### Can He Afford to Marry?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I fully admit that the question of marriage lately discussed in the *Catholic Mind* is in some respects a two-sided one. It must, however, be remembered that the article in question contemplates a very definite difficulty. It is not concerned with a general reluctance of young men to marry, it does not deny the need of caution, it does not precisely plead for marriages at the age of twenty-one. What it does protest against is that so many men over twenty-five and even over thirty years of age, men who have incomes of \$3,000 and more a year, should say that they cannot afford to marry. This condition seems to exist at least in the cities of the Middle West. If my own experience and that of my friends is in any way typical, the evil is, just as I maintain, typical of well-to-do young Catholics as a class.

I may concede, though I dislike the flavor of the phrase, that in many cases "it would have been vastly better if a little cool calculation had preceded love." But I do not see any advantage in the too-frequent cases where it absolutely excludes love. A man should calculate to the extent of not marrying on mere impulse, and of trying to assure a comfortable and happy future for his family; but when his calculation makes him refuse to accept any sacrifices, it has, I think, gone much too far. In protesting against indefinite delay, I do not deny the need of caution, nor do I encourage anyone "to throw discretion to the winds." I must, however, deplore the selfish and short-sighted calculation that looks solely to one's immediate personal advantage, and thus keeps so many well-to-do young Catholics from accepting the burdens and safeguards of married life. Again I admit that clubs and correct attire are often strong business assets and even necessities; but when such things consume most or all of a prosperous man's salary, and blind him to the higher aspects of life, they are victimizing rather than helping him.

We may pass over the several references made by "M. Y." to the likelihood of unhappiness resulting from hasty or early marriages. I am not urging anyone to marry thoughtlessly, or hastily, or even before he reaches the age of twenty-five. I am, I repeat, protesting against that selfishness that prolongs courtships beyond all reasonable length, and makes well-to-do young men reluctant to marry even when they have passed the age of thirty and can well afford to do so. Of course, I have no criticism for people who adopt a single life from spiritual motives. For the rest, it is well to remember that matrimony, though not strictly necessary to salvation, is a Sacrament, and may, therefore be a help to salvation. Finally, I sincerely believe that, with the amount of caution and the humility and prayer advised in the *Catholic Mind*, the Catholic young man can enter the married state in the face of difficulties without feeling that he is really imperiling his future happiness.

F. J. YEALY, S.J.

# A M E R I C A

## A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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### "I Am Through"

IN Shakespeare's time those who contemplated suicide, were given pause by the harrowing thought that perhaps the bare bodkin might not after all end the heart-ache and the weary life. There was the dread of something after death, and the fear of ills in the undiscovered country from which no traveler returns. Our people have "progressed" since the days of the medieval-minded poet with his residue of Christian principles. Conscience no longer makes cowards of us all. There is no man so poor or ignorant as not to dare to construct his own philosophy of life. The "silly notions" of a future life, of retribution, and of a God who is master of the dreams that trouble the sleep of death, have been so long heralded as foolish superstitions by philosophers who themselves have much of this world's good things, that the poor and the miserable and the oppressed and those who have to bear the thousand shocks of life, with a logic that is inexorable, have been taking matters in their own hands in alarmingly increasing numbers and are making their quietus without a second thought. Evidence of this is to be found in the fact that last week in a single city, there were recorded within the space of twelve hours, no less than seven suicides. One of these unfortunates, a youth of seventeen, left the laconic but eloquent note: "I am through."

Life had already disillusionized him, his mere handful of short years had filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing, the future period of mortal existence held for him no joyful prospect. His school teachers had sedulously suppressed any mention of the God who with un-failing kindness presides over human destiny, but requires nevertheless, an exact account of each man's stewardship; they had excluded any hint of the real meaning of life; they had never told him that through many blows the soul is fashioned into the image of its Maker; with bitter cruelty they had left him to grope his

way to a solution of the vexed problem of suffering; they had left him in utter ignorance of the many mansions in his Father's house, they had never nerved his courage with the hope of a future life in which justice would be meted out to all and the poor would at last come into their own. As a consequence he fell a prey to the atheistical and skeptical ideas of theorists, and took his own life. Who will say that he was not more sinned against than sinning? Well may he be left to the mercy of his all-wise Judge.

But what of those others who robbed or defrauded him of his right to the truth? The truth would not only have made him free, it would have made him brave and steadfast and patient. It would have saved him from laying sacrilegious hands on what should have been and perhaps was the temple of God. It is the old story of the kings raging and the people paying the penalty. False philosophies are lightly excogitated by well-fed "thinkers," but the price is paid in the heart's blood of working men and women who cannot think for themselves. The poor boy is by no means "through,"—his endless life has only begun; but by those who have been the occasion of his untimely death, that truth is doubtless considered a "medieval superstition."

### An Exploded Meteorite

IT is a leading principle with Socialists that public officials whom they elect must devote themselves first of all to advancing the party, the welfare of the city or State being reckoned of quite secondary importance. For daring to violate this law by choosing officials for their ability rather than for their devotion to Socialism, the Mayor of Schenectady finds himself expelled from his party. Mr. Lunn sadly owns that the most efficient political bosses "have much to learn" from the Secretary of the Socialist State Committee, who made it unmistakably clear to the Mayor that the interests of Socialism rather than the interests of the city should be made paramount.

Mr. Lunn is not the first to learn this lesson. Independence of thought which conflicts with the interests of politicians in power means excommunication, as many Socialists have found to their cost. Even for seeking to cleanse of scandalous immorality the headquarters of the national party, the *Christian Socialist* was stricken from the list of party organs. The schism between leading New York and Chicago Socialists has been only another evidence of the intolerance existing within the party itself on actual political issues. Discord within the ranks is nowhere more acrimonious than among the men who seek to bring about a universal brotherhood by expounding their socialistic thought to the world. The dreams of the Socialist millennium, it is plain, must end in Bedlam. Socialism, as Marx and Engels conceived it, can exist only in theory. In the meantime, however, it is doing boundless harm by its materialistic literature



injected into the homes of the workingmen. Moreover by infusing its own radical spirit into the labor movement, it is weakening the ideal of an intelligent and Christian renewal of society. Mayor Lunn will not greatly improve matters by starting an independent Socialist faction of his own. He will merely emphasize the fact that practical Socialism is an exploded meteorite, broken into a thousand pieces. Each piece, however, contains within itself the elements of social disorder and moral and religious disaster.

#### What of the Moral Atmosphere?

"BAN Put on 334-Movie Houses," was the announcement recently made in a New York daily paper. Investigation had disclosed that the provisions of the health code, demanding a supply of 500 cubic feet of fresh air an hour to each person, had been flagrantly violated. To save heating expenses the foul air was retained and the evil odor disguised by disinfectants. The proprietors of 334 out of 518 theaters were consequently summoned to appear before the License Commissioner within that same week and explain why they should not either ventilate their houses or else close them. The co-operation of all moving picture patrons was furthermore requested by the solicitous Department of Health and the equally conscientious License Bureau. Infringements of the health code were to be instantly reported.

All this is well, but is there not even a far greater need of purifying the moral atmosphere of these theaters? Investigation is not needed to reveal the fact that in countless instances the air at the "movies" is heavy with vice and laden with the germs of spiritual death. The young who crowd into these places are very susceptible to harmful influences. Is nothing to be done for them? Are strength of character and health of soul of such small consequence that they can be carelessly neglected, while the want of proper ventilation not merely arouses indignation, but leads to instant action?

At the same time that these steps were taken, a bill for creating a censorship of motion-pictures was under consideration at Albany. Those financially interested, the film industry, candidly admitted that purely monetary motives made them oppose the censoring of immoral, obscene and indecent reels. What was of still greater importance was their implicit confession that the number of such objectionable exhibits is so great that their exclusion would mean financial ruin. The incompetency of the national board of censors is sufficiently obvious. But when the new censorship bill was thrice submitted to the 3,200 women members who crowd the meetings of the League for Political Education, it was each time unanimously opposed by them. The explanation offered for this attitude was that the sole guardianship of the morals of the youth of the State cannot be left to three political appointees, but can be maintained only by securing a board of representative citizens large enough to inspect

personally the half-million feet of film produced each month in the State of New York. What is needed, of course, is a board of competent, responsible and authoritative State censors, without whose approval no film can be displayed. Meanwhile the moral atmosphere thickens, the young faint and fail, the germs of spiritual death multiply. Because of improper ventilation the Department of Health is prepared to close at once 334 moving-picture theaters in a single city, but shall the venal traffickers in suggestive and immoral films be allowed to continue ruining the souls of the young? Is the soul's health of little value in comparison with the body's welfare?

#### "Mission Sunday"

IN the April *Ecclesiastical Review*, Father John F. Noll repeats the excellent suggestion editorially made by him in that bright weekly, the *Sunday Visitor*, regarding a way of increasing the annual collections which are taken up in this country for the needs of the Church at home and abroad. Instead of several Sundays being named each year for receiving what the Faithful offer as contributions to the Negro and Indian Missions, the Catholic University, and Peter's Pence, Father Noll proposes that only one Sunday, to be known as "Mission Sunday," should be set aside for taking up such collections. The day is to be duly heralded from the pulpit and in the Catholic press, and the importance of being generous eloquently emphasized. Then if but half the Catholic families in the land were to contribute one dollar each, the sum realized by the collection would amount to \$2,000,000, and Father Noll would divide it thus: To Indian and Negro Missions, \$300,000; to Peter's Pence, \$500,000; to the Catholic University, \$200,000; to the Catholic Church Extension Society, \$500,000; to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, \$400,000. To Maryknoll, to the Society of the Divine Word, etc., \$100,000. It is estimated, however, that \$3,000,000 would be nearer the sum that could easily be raised on Mission Sunday, and on the basis of twenty-five cents per capita the contributions might even reach \$4,000,000.

With such an ample sum as that at the annual disposal of our Bishops and missionary societies, new life would be given to many a Catholic enterprise that is now languishing and failing through lack of funds and workers. The building of a school, the erection of a church, the training of a seminarian, the support of a priest, the maintenance of a mission station all cost money, and God has doubtless made dependent on the generosity of the Faithful in this country the conversion of numberless heathens, the reconciliation of thousands of Protestants and the saving to the Church of countless neglected Catholics. The nation-wide observance of "Mission Sunday" every year would be an admirable way of raising the funds required for the successful attainment of these objects.

### The Prosperous Poet's "Don'ts"

THE poet of today is not at all like the Victorian type of his race. He no longer lodges in a lonely garret, nor supports life by gazing at dying lilies, nor dresses in shabby velvet, nor does he even affect long hair. On the contrary he fares sumptuously and regularly at a fashionable hotel, dresses and behaves like other gentlemen, mixes freely with his fellow-men and has singularly keen commercial instincts. He secures high prices for the verses he writes and his collected poems rival in popularity the "best sellers" themselves. Publishers state, for instance, that during the past year they sold 10,000, 12,000 and 25,000 copies respectively of three poets' works. Not all our rhymers of course can do so well as that, but for the guidance of young versifiers who ambition making poetry pay, a successful bard of today has kindly written a series of "Don'ts," some of which are these:

Don't think of yourself as a poet, and don't dress the part.

Don't classify yourself as a member of any special school or group.

Don't call your quarters a garret or a studio.

Don't frequent exclusively the company of writers.

Don't think of any class of work that you feel moved to do as either beneath you or above you.

Don't think you are entitled to any special rights, privileges and immunities as a literary person, or have any more reason to consider your possible lack of fame a grievance against the world than has any shipping clerk or traveling salesman.

Don't speak of poetic license or believe that there is any such thing.

Don't tolerate in your own work any flaws in rhythm, rhyme, melody, or grammar.

Don't use "e'er" for "ever," "o'er" for "over," "whenas" or "what time" for "when," or any of the "poetical" commonplaces of the past.

Don't have your book published at your own expense by any house that makes a practice of publishing at the author's expense.

Don't write poems about unborn babies.

Don't, don't write hymns to the Great God Pan. He is dead; let him rest in peace!

Good sentences and well pronounced. Would that they were better followed! But publishers, alas! are constantly bringing out the works of poetasters whose genius will never be lucrative because so many of the foregoing rules and regulations for successful poets are flagrantly violated. For example, the rash author of a slender book of "Verses on Modern Redemptive Philosophy" which is published at his own expense, might have contentedly and profitably remained a member of the choir inaudible had he only mastered betimes those sapient "Don'ts," for he writes in all seriousness such ridiculous lines about an infant as the following:

Primordial mite of protoplasm,  
From time and space to bridge their chasm,  
Unite life's strands of chromatasm. . . .  
That mind and matter from state zymotic,  
Must be wrought into unison by action zygotie,  
Perfect justice enacted for each progress chronotic. . . .

Happy the babe in whose cells unite,  
Alpha and beta coils of love shining bright,  
With renunciation's divine gamma light.

Fortunately, however, our rhyming spendthrift did not sing a dirge over departed Pan, and for that some gratitude is due. But it is not likely that this "redemptive" philosopher will ever be numbered among the affluent bards who have their own autos and bungalows, who treat interviewers graciously, but wrench without mercy the last farthing from helpless publishers: that is, unless he begins to observe forthwith the prosperous poet's "Don'ts."

### Are Home-keepers "Parasites"?

IN an extremely sensible article in the current *Metro-politan* on the rightful position of woman, her eligibility to "careers" in the world, her right to higher education, her possibilities for work outside the home, in all of which he concedes the gentler sex a large measure of freedom, Mr. Roosevelt indignantly refutes the charge that "the woman whose primary life-work is taking care of her home and children is somehow a 'parasite-woman.'" He has nothing but scorn for the men, "selfish, brutal or thoughtless," who hold such opinions, and is outspoken in his condemnation of the feminists and the promoters of woman's rights, so-called, who are assuming this false attitude. To him the wives and mothers seem to be those "who do the one great and all-essential work, without which no other activity by either sex amounts to anything." He continues:

Exceptional women—like Julia Ward Howe or Harriet Beecher Stowe or Mme. Homer—are admirable wives and mothers, admirable keepers of the home, and yet workers of genius outside the home. Such types, of course, are also rare. There are also exceptional—and less happy, and normally less useful women whose best service to the State and community as a whole are rendered outside the home. . . . But exactly as it is true that no nation will prosper unless the average man is a home-maker . . . and is a good husband and father, so no nation can exist at all unless the average woman is the home-keeper, the good wife, and unless she is the mother of a sufficient number of healthy children to insure the race going forward and not backward. The indispensable work for the community is the work of the wife and the mother. It is the most honorable work. It is literally and exactly the vital work, the work which, of course, must be done by the average woman or the whole nation goes down with a crash.

In these words Mr. Roosevelt with his rare gift, has expressed a homely, fundamental, and unfashionable truth with a vividness that leaves little to be desired. With the single reservation, that it is still more honorable, noble and useful to give up the joys of being the maker and keeper of a home, in order for God's sake to mother countless numbers of unfortunate children, or to devote oneself solely to advancing the interests of the Father of all, who is in heaven, Christians and patriots will give to these sentiments their heartiest approval.



## LITERATURE

## Crusader and Romancer

ON the seventh of October, 1571, the galleys of John of Austria grappled with the Turkish fleet at Lepanto. When the signal for battle sounded, a Spanish volunteer lay tossing with fever on the ship *Marquesa*. In spite of his weakness, he buckled on his harness and fought all day. As the last battered Turkish war-galley disappeared on the horizon, he sank exhausted on the deck, the blood streaming from two arquebus wounds in his breast, and his left hand mangled and maimed for life. The gallant soldier was Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. The good right hand still left him was not yet to drop the rapier and was destined to write one of the world's great books, the adventures of the "Ingenious Knight of La Mancha," the immortal *Don Quixote*.

The crusader of Lepanto was born at Alcalá de Henares, October, 1547. His family was of good stock, but impoverished. Miguel was to endow it with a luster far surpassing that of its forbears. Of the lad's often asserted studies at Salamanca and with the Jesuits at Seville no conclusive proof has been advanced. The author of the "*Viaje al Parnasso*," the "*Galatea*" and the "*Don Quixote*" is evidently a well-read gentleman. He knows the books of chivalry, the "*Amadis de Gaul*" and the "*Palmerin of England*," has a sound knowledge of the Bible, has dipped below the surface into the classics and uses them effectively. He has mastered Italian and delights in Ariosto, Tasso, Pulci, and Boiardo. But he is not a finished scholar like Ben Jonson in England, or his great countryman, Lope de Vega. He studied, however, one book thoroughly, in many types and bindings. He knew it from cover to cover, footnotes and text, with all its laughter and all its tears: the many-storied volume of the human heart.

About 1570 our Spaniard is in Italy, in the service of Cardinal Julio Acquaviva as usher or chamberlain. But he is not the man to dangle in idleness when the Holy Father Pope St. Pius V, Philip II and the Republic of Venice are signing a treaty, and John of Austria is mustering volunteers to rid the Mediterranean of the Sultan's raiders and drive back to their haunts the pirates of Tunis and Algiers. Cervantes drops his usher's staff, buys a musketoon and good Toledo blade, enlists in the *Moncada* regiment, gets his baptism of fire at Cyprus and the soldier's red christening at Lepanto. Even after that glorious day he still remains a soldier of the Cross. The camp with its battle-flags, the high-decked galleases rolling to the recoil of their guns and the swinging blows of foam-flecked waves fascinate him. And at Navarino, Tunis, Corfu, on islands and in bays, wherever a Turkish troop can be ambushed or a Moslem felucca boarded, "*El Manco*," the maimed hero of the *Marquesa* is in the thickest of the fray.

But over the blare of the bugles, the call of the motherland is sounding in his heart. He must see once more father, mother, sunny Spain, the dear old streets of Alcalá. He has almost reached the goal from Sicily, when Arnaut Mami, the terror of the Mediterranean, captures the galley on which Cervantes and his friends had sailed and carries his prize in captivity to Algiers. Of that five years' slavery Don Miguel himself has given us some account in the episode of *Viedma*, whose story is told in "*Don Quixote*."

Algiers was then likened to the nether pit, its ruler, Hassan Pasha, to the Prince of Darkness. Twenty-five thousand Christian slaves groaned there in iron bondage. A gallant soldier at Lepanto, Cervantes, now showed himself a still nobler Christian at Algiers. His faith never wavered, his

spirit was never broken. Threats, imprisonment, hunger, did not make him falter. He was the comforter, the guide, the spokesman of his fellow-prisoners. To while away their weary hours, he told them, no doubt, tales of giants and enchanted princesses, and by his songs and verse raised their hearts to thoughts of God's mercy, and of those two loves so dear to a Spaniard, the Blessed Eucharist and the Mother of God. If an attempt were made to escape by the prisoners, "*El Manco*" invariably conceived and planned it, and when caught boldly proclaimed himself the author. After long delay, ransom came at last. Cervantes never forgot the good Trinitarians who labored to secure his freedom.

In the autumn of 1580 he is back in Spain, but without fortune, sadder still, without friends. But five years' captivity, he tells us, had taught him life's great lesson, patience. He will wait for Fortune's knock at his door. So he unhooks his rusted sword, and ho! for the regiment and the wars again. With the exception of the almost insignificant offices of Victualler to the Fleet and Commissioner of the Royal Galleys, he filled no post of emolument or honor. In 1584, in spite of his poverty, he marries Catalina de Palacios Salazar. He now belongs to family and home, to literature and fame.

Pastorals then were popular. Sannazaro in Italy had set the fashion with his "*Arcadia*"; Jorge de Montemayor and Gil Polo kept it up in Spain with their "*Dianas*." Cervantes followed with his "*Galatea*." But the will-o'-the-wisp of the drama ever allured him. He lacked, however, the dramatic instinct and never mastered the technique of the art. He lacked the power of rapid crystallization of thought and action, so necessary for the stage. Then Lope de Vega, the "*monstruo de la naturaleza*," nature's marvel, was rising to power and soon eclipsed his older rival. One of the plays, however, the "*Numancia*," has been greatly admired by Goethe, Shelley, the two Schlegels and our own Ticknor.

Fortune still shunned the poet's door. And it is almost painful to watch him battling in the honorable but unbusinesslike discharge of his commonplace duties against poverty. Cervantes buying oakum for the navy and haggling with middlemen for the price of wheat is "*Pegasus in Pound*" surely, "*a Samson at the mill*" grinding corn! Yet he did not too loudly complain and his spirit was not broken. In 1603 he was summoned on business to Valladolid. In his traveling bags he carried the manuscript of the "*Don Quixote*." Poverty-stricken though he was, Miguel de Cervantes was to dower his country with a treasure to which the gold of Peruvian Incas would be as dross. In 1605 every Spaniard who could read was chuckling with delight over the Knight of La Mancha and Sancho Panza. Today the whole world is laughing still. And now and then laughter feels a tear trickling down its cheek! For humanity's illusions and stern realities and sorrows are in that immortal book. Are we not all *Don Quixotes* in some way, mad just a little south-south-west, or north-north-east? Who has not charged windmills, and been unhorsed in his encounter with those terrible giants, Life and Fact? With the exception of the "*Guzman de Alfarache*" of Mateo Alemán, no book was so popular in Spain. It made money for the publishers, but not for the writer. Let us just mention our author's "*Comedias y Entremeses*" and the "*Trabajos de Persiles y Segismunda*," finished on the eve of his death, and the "*Novelas Ejemplares*," twelve masterpieces of the short story, published in 1613, and which Poe or "O. Henry" would have been glad to sign.

Cervantes had promised another volume of the *Quixote*. He was working upon it when a second part appeared under the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda. Who is Avellaneda? The question remains unanswered. Lope de Vega has been suggested. Menendez y Pelayo, Hartzenbusch,

Fitzmaurice-Kelly reject this view. Lope, though estranged for awhile from Cervantes, could never have lowered himself to the slanders and mockeries heaped by Avellaneda upon the maimed and impoverished soldier of Lepanto. The book had a good effect upon Cervantes. In 1615 he published his second part of what Macaulay has called the greatest novel in the world. The worn-out veteran could now put his foot in the stirrup of the Pale Horse and ride forth on his last journey. Fortified with the Sacraments of the parting wayfarer, repentant of his human frailties and sins, he died on April 23, just 300 years ago. Ever a loyal Catholic, he had been for some time a devout member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and at its meetings had often knelt by the side of his friend Quevedo and his former rival Lope de Vega. He had fought under the banner of the Cross at Lepanto; he was carried to his grave in the brown habit of a Tertiary of St. Francis. Some live romances, it has been said; others write them. To Cervantes it was given to accomplish both with a nobility and perfection seldom equaled.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

### REVIEWS

**Spanish Exploration in the Southwest.** 1542-1706. Edited by HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

The Southwest of the editor is spacious, embracing all the region from Cape Mendocino around through California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, up to the Arkansas in Kansas, or even to the Platte in Nebraska. The reader may sail with Catrillo and Viscaina among the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, discover San Diego and Monterey Bays, call the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, because even on the seaward side they were covered with snow when seen for the first time in the end of November, and find water-bottles frozen solid on New Year's morning in Monterey; facts which prove that the assertion of some whose blood is thinning with age, that the climate of California is growing colder, is very doubtful. Or else he may capture the Pueblos and wonder at the buffalo of the plains with Bustamante, Espejo and Oñate, and with Zaldivar, attempt to corral ten thousand of the wild cattle, and fail. Or he may journey to the head of the Gulf of California, his imagination filled with silver and gold and pearls, or more sober with Padre Kino he may prove Lower California to be a peninsula, not an island, and then may go with that zealous missionary on his journeyings in Arizona. Or if he prefers an eastward journey, he may accompany De Leon till the French settlements of the Mississippi are reached. But wherever he goes he will find the pleasure of adventure and much edification from the piety of the valiant Spaniards. The Catholic reader will be more than pleased with the unusual intelligence the editor shows in treating Catholic matters, an intelligence that can even be called sympathetic.

Mr. Bolton, therefore, will take kindly our pointing out an error into which he has fallen. Mendoza, in 1684 speaks of Ascension Day falling on May 11 (page 341). The editor says in a note "Ascension Day fell on May 8 in 1684; May 11 was Sunday." He does not remember that, while Mendoza was using the reformed Gregorian calendar, he must have quoted from the unreformed, which lasted in England until 1752. Between these two calendars there are two sources of discrepancy regarding the date of Easter, on which all movable feasts depend. First, if, according to the Gregorian, the Paschal full moon falls within some ten days or so after the vernal equinox, it must fall before the equinox in the unreformed calendar, and therefore in it Easter will occur in the following lunar month. Second, when the Paschal full moon is the same in both calendars, nevertheless, on account of the difference between the reformed

and unreformed cycle of epacts, should it occur on the Gregorian on a Friday or Saturday, it will not come in the unreformed calendar until Sunday or Monday, and so Easter will be a week later in the latter than in the former. We frequently see these two cases exemplified in the celebration of the Russo-Greek Easter in San Francisco and New York, for the Russians still hold to the old calendar. The second case occurred in 1684. According to the Gregorian calendar, the Paschal full moon was on Friday, March 31. Easter Day was April 2, and Ascension Day, May 11, as Mendoza says rightly. According to the unreformed calendar the Paschal full moon was on Monday, March 24. Easter Day was March 30, and Ascension, May 8. But these last dates were old style, that is they were ten days before the new style in the seventeenth century. Hence the dates in question, March 30 and May 8 were not three days before April 2 and May 11, but seven days, or one week, after them. The same error with regard to calendars has led to the same confusion concerning the discovery of Lake George by Father Jogues, on the eve of Corpus Christi 1646, May 30. Some historians, using the unreformed calendar, maintain that the date should be May 27, three days earlier, as they say, though in fact, were they right they would put it a week later than the true date.

H. W.

**The Life of St. Columban: a Study of Ancient Irish Monastic Life.** By MRS. THOMAS CONCANNON, M.A. St. Louis: Herder. \$2.00.

Though one of the most conspicuous figures in the Europe of his time, the sixth and seventh centuries, St. Columban of Luxeuil and Bobbio, later passed almost completely out of the memory of man for many a long year, until in the seventeenth century a fellow-countryman, the Franciscan Patrick Fleming, one of the famous band of Irish scholars exiled on the Continent, took up with enthusiasm the work of collecting and editing manuscripts and piecing together scattered references to make known once more to the peoples of Europe the name of the great Saint and Missionary who had conferred such benefits upon them. From that day to this there has been a growing interest in this early Irish exile which culminated in an extensive celebration in Ireland and on the Continent last year, the thirteenth centenary of his death. In Ireland, especially, thanks to the stimulating generosity of our Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, who offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best biography of the Saint, a number of lives were prepared, of which the present book is the prize-winner. Germany, which for the whole past century has been a center of study in things Irish, produced an excellent work, by George Metlake, reviewed in our issue for December 26, 1914.

Though he was almost forgotten for a thousand years, history has much to tell of this learned and fiery apostle who from the monasteries he founded in France and Italy spread Christianity and civilization far and wide. A life compiled about twenty-five years after the Saint's death from the recollections of his friends and followers by the Monk Jonas, his own writings, and the numerous references to him in contemporaneous history furnish abundant material for a biography. If nothing else save the founding of these twin centers of sanctity and learning, Luxeuil in France and Bobbio in Italy, were to be laid to his credit, he could rest content, for this were glory enough for any man. How he came to be so long forgotten is due to two facts: in his own Erin there were some 200 or more saints of the same name in the multitude of whom this expatriated hero was lost; on the Continent of Europe, the Rule of St. Benedict of Nursia, being milder and broader in scope, came gradually to displace that of St. Columban in all the monasteries that the latter and his disciples had established, and with his Rule his memory too faded before that of the Italian monk. But now at last he has come into his own again, and Mrs. Concannon's interesting life will do much to keep his name and fame fresh in the memory of the world.

J. F. X. M.



**Old Familiar Faces.** By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

**The English Familiar Essay.** Representative Texts. Edited with Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM FRANK BRYAN, Ph.D., and RONALD S. CRANE, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

**Modern Essays:** Reprinted from Leading Articles in "The Times." With an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40.

These are three good volumes of essays. Theodore Watts-Dunton was an intimate friend and warm admirer of George Borrow, Alfred Tennyson, Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, William Morris, and of the less-widely-known Dr. Gordon Hake, Lord De Tabley, and Mr. Francis Hindes Groome. In eight papers which appeared originally in the *Athenæum*, the author mingles critical appraisals with personal reminiscences of his distinguished friends, and there is an unsigned introductory tribute to Mr. Watts-Dunton himself. He complains that the publication of Rossetti's correspondence gave the world an altogether wrong idea of the man, for letters nowadays are merely the hurried, ill-considered expression of the moment, and are generally of slight literary value.

The volume edited by Dr. Bryan and Dr. Crane is so excellent an anthology of the familiar essay that it should find a place in the domestic and in the school library. There are well-made selections from the writings of Montaigne, Bacon, Cowley, Steele, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Hunt, Hazlitt, Thackeray, and Stevenson, and the editors' "History of the English Familiar Essay" is admirably done.

Those familiar with the London *Times* will recall that its "third leaders" are "meant to turn the reader from the affairs and interests of the moment to a consideration 'of man, of nature, and of human life' in their larger, more permanent aspect." Nearly ninety of these editorials, soberly ranging through as many subjects, have been gathered into a volume. The essays "On Being a Gentleman," "Taste and Its Standards," "The Plain Man," and "Children in War-Time" are among the best.

W. D.

**The Doctrine of the Atonement.** By J. K. MOZLEY, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$0.75.

**A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle of St. James.** By JAMES HARDY ROPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

There is very little belief in the Divinity of Our Lord among the Anglicans who are writing nowadays on subjects Christological. They are going the way of one or other of the German Lutheran schools, or evolving new theories like those of the late Dr. Thomas Kelly Cheyne or of Canon Sanday. It is therefore refreshing to find that the Anglican Dean of Pembroke College has still some old-fashioned Christianity left in his inner consciousness to defend. True, the defense is very trivial; it shows the influence of Ritschl. Mr. Mozley clings rather to the Christ-value than to the Christ Himself. Yet he has some respect for Catholic theology and its appeal to reason rather than to emotion. It would not do for the Catholic layman to read this book. The priest, however, will find in it a good summary of the Christological vagaries that are now running riot in Protestantism, and he will be made proud of his faith by the weak presentation of the Atonement which conservative Protestantism allows Mr. Mozley to make. To Catholics, the acceptance of the Divinity of Our Lord and of His vicarious satisfaction for sin is grand and reasonable; it appeals to that which is noblest in us, our reason, but the acceptance of these fundamental doctrines of Christianity merely for

their value to our emotions would be the degradation of our reason.

Dean Ropes of Harvard offers a painstaking historical study of the authenticity, canon and interpretation of James. He is always prepossessed by Protestant prejudices in interpreting whatsoever is said by the Apostle about Justification, Extreme Unction, etc. For instance, he thinks that James advised the anointing of the sick with oil merely for therapeutic purposes; and the Church in her consciousness has gradually evolved the Sacramental anointing for the conferring of grace *ex opere operato*. As there is no place for the revelation, this Congregationalist clergyman does not tell us what he thinks of Christ. So Our Lord is not depicted as the dupe that Dr. Lake of Harvard makes Him, nor the mystic Jesus whom Dr. Hocking of Harvard puts on a par with Mohammed, Buddha, Teresa, and other mystics or mediators between God and man, and that, perhaps, is something to be thankful for.

W. F. D.

**All That's Kentucky:** An Anthology. Edited by JOSIAH HENRY COMBS. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

To the heart of every Kentuckian, this book will be a delight; and if he is far away from what he has learned to regard as "God's own country," he will probably wonder why he ever left a land that is not only poetic itself, but a cause of poetry in others. Poets so widely sundered by time and seas as Tennyson, Rouquette and James Whitcomb Riley, have sung the charms of the old Commonwealth. Not all the contributors are Kentuckians, and a hasty review brings to mind at least one native son whose notable poem "The Old Bridge at Frankfort," is not included. This and similar omissions may lodge hard feelings in the bosoms of the slighted bards, but to include all who have sung in Kentucky or of Kentucky, would have affrighted the most industrious compiler. A very interesting poem is from the pen of the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the first priest ordained in the original thirteen colonies and the apostle of Kentucky. It is an elegy on the death of Colonel Joseph Hamilton Davies, "who fell a victim to his love of country in the late Battle on the Wabash, the 7th of November, 1811."

*Autumnus felix aderat granaria complens  
Frugibus.*

are the opening lines; but accompanying the stately hexameters is a translation by *Woodfordiensis* which, as all must know, means an inhabitant of Woodford County.

'Twas late in autumn, and the thrifty swain  
In spacious barns secur'd the golden grain.

The date "*Moerens canebat 15 Dec. 1811*" is significant. It indicates that even in this early period, antedating by decades the rise of Professor Norton and President Eliot, culture was not confined to the Eastern seaboard.

P. L. B.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Why have Maeterlinck's works been put on the Index?" is a question that educated Catholics are often asked, but sometimes, perhaps, they are not able to give a satisfactory answer to it. Those, however, who make their own Dr. Condé B. Pallen's keen analysis of "Maeterlinck's Philosophy of Life," which is published in the current number of the *Catholic Mind*, can offer cogent reasons why the well-known Belgian's writings have been banned by the Church. The paper is followed by the Holy Father's Lenten letter on peace.

The February "best sellers," according to the *Bookman* were these: "Life and Gabriella," Glasgow; "The Real Adventure," Webster; "Held to Answer," MacFarlane; "Dear Enemy," Webster; "Clipped Wings," Hughes; "The Side of the Angels,"

King. All but the second have already been noticed in these columns and on the whole quite favorably. "The Real Adventure" is the story of a woman who leaves her husband and undesired babies and becomes a chorus girl just because she fancies that she lacks his "friendship." The earlier half of this long novel is well-done, but the second part, which deals with the seamy side of theatrical life, shows the heroine so incredibly foolish, that the story, to take no higher ground, is wanting in artistry.

"Life and Adventures of a Free Lance" (Free Press Co., Burlington, Vt., \$1.50), by S. G. W. Benjamin is an autobiography and like all good literary productions of that class its principal charm lies in the fact that the author's personality is the medium through which the events and scenes the book deals with are presented to the reader. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin was an artist, a writer, a daring sailor and a diplomat in the East; but above all a lover of "things noble, free and untrammelled." Born in Greece of American parents, his childhood was spent in an atmosphere of Hellenic culture and beauty. After residing as a boy in various parts of the Orient he came to the United States and completed his education at Williams College, and the description he gives of his life there about 1859, is both vivid and highly interesting. In later life there were few men of note in this country whether in literature, art or politics, with whom he was not on more or less intimate terms. His wide experience, moreover, in foreign countries and among different peoples has enabled him to criticize in an enlightened way many of the customs and individuals that came under his notice.

In "Hollyhock House" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25), a story for girls by Marion Ames Taggart, the reader meets the three Garden maidens, each of whom is full of charm but yet is as unlike the other two as can be. Mary is just the sort of girl one would associate with that name; Jane, though somewhat temperamental, is not too "modern," and the exuberant Florimel completes the trio. A healthful, homelike atmosphere pervades the book.—"On the Old Camping Ground" (Benziger, \$0.85) is Mary E. Mannix's story of a little Indian girl's visit to Chicago, and Maude Radford Warren has written for children of the fifth and sixth grades an attractive little story-book about "Robin Hood and His Merry Men" (Rand, McNally, Chicago, \$0.45), which Milo Winter has suitably illustrated. All the adventures of the famous outlaw are related, the Robin Hood ballads are appended, and the music of the songs the foresters may have sung is given. Little boys and girls should find the book a feast.

In the little volume "In Memoriam: Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas J. Broydrick" (St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore), by Brother John E. Garvin, principal of St. Martin's Academy, Baltimore, Md., we have the story of the zealous labors and saintly life of Monsignor Broydrick, who for more than thirty-three years was assistant and pastor of St. Martin's parish in that city. The memorial shows the virtues that were so characteristic of the man during his long pastorate, and the account of his activities displays the generous deeds that distinguish the life of so many devoted priests of the Church. The book has been made possible by hearty cooperation on the part of parishioners and friends, and serves both as a treasured memory of a noble soul, and as a history of a large and fervent parish.—"The Blessed Peace of Death" (Wagner, \$0.75) would not have pleased that Spanish monarch of whom the fable runs that he did not permit the word "death" to be mentioned in his presence. The subtitle gives the peculiarly Catholic viewpoint of the

author, "A Little Book of Good Cheer," a phrase which would have fallen more delicately upon the sensitive ears of the monarch. The volume is adapted from the German of the Rev. Augustine Wibbelt, and the American editor has done his work well.

The scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is probably the oldest and most widespread of all the small scapulars. According to tradition the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Simon Stock at Cambridge, England, in 1251, and, giving him the celebrated scapular, declared it to be a special sign of grace, a safeguard in danger and a pledge of salvation. This tradition, however, did not take a definite form until the year 1642, when the words of the Blessed Virgin, said to have been dictated by St. Simon Stock to his confessor, Peter Swanyngton, were given the widest possible publicity by Father John Cheron, O.C.C. In a book entitled "Scapulare B. M. V. De Monte Carmelo, Joannes Cheron et Fragmentum Petri Swanyngton" (Roma: Tipografia Editrice Italo-Irlandese), the Rev. P. E. Magennis, O.C.C., whose "Scapular and Some Critics" was praised in our issue of May 30, 1914, continues his spirited defense of this tradition and devotion.

"Green Mansions" (A. A. Knopf, New York, \$1.50) is a story by W. H. Hudson, about the Indians of Venezuela. As Mr. Galsworthy well observes in his foreword, the author, "without apparent effort, takes you with him into a rare, free, natural world, and always you are refreshed, stimulated, enlarged, going there." With the forests, savannahs and mountains of South America as a setting, Mr. Hudson tells a simple, romantic tale of the aborigines, and many of his pages are full of beauty, the tragic end of Rima the "bird-girl" being a particularly striking passage. But when the hero says, at the end of the book: "Prayers, austerities, good works—they avail nothing, and there is no intercession, and outside of the soul there is no forgiveness in heaven or earth for sin," he is, of course, talking nonsense.

The following publications have been lately received from the firm of J. Fischer & Bro.: "Kyriale" (modern Notation), and "Kyriale" (Gregorian Notation) (\$0.40 each), are handy volumes containing the ordinary of the Mass and some liturgical hymns, all Gregorian, and according to the Vatican Version. "Missa Melodica in honor of St. Margaret" is written for soprano, tenor and bass by Pietro A. Yon. The voice parts are skilfully handled and the Mass ought to prove an effective and useful composition for churches where, besides a choir of men, boys' voices are available. A new departure in Mass composition is to be found in the "Missa Choralis" by the Rev. Licinio Refice, which is written for a three-part choir of tenors and basses, alternating with a unison chorus. This Mass ought to be of service for sodalities and small congregations, where devotion would be fostered if choir and people could thus be united in the singing of the Mass.—Silver, Burdett & Co., of Chicago, are publishing for Catholic schools special editions of their "Progressive Musical Series." The volume under review is intended for the elementary grades and contains simple rote songs, classified so as to teach some rudimentary notions of tonal relation and melodic structure. Part IV of this book is made up of easy and familiar Gregorian hymns chosen under the direction of the Rev. Gregory Huegle, O.S.B., with the hope that a taste for the Church's music will thus be fostered in the early years of the child's education. The book is well edited and compiled and deserves the consideration of Catholic school boards.



## EDUCATION

## I—The Boy and the Boarding School

"SHALL we send our boy to boarding school?"

Here is a practical question which recurs summer after summer in many Catholic homes. Perhaps your boy has been reading "Tom Brown at Rugby" or Father Finn or Father Garrold, and, in the spirit of adventure, he is fired with the desire to "go away to school." Perhaps you yourself, father or mother, whose eye has been arrested by the title of this article, think of a boarding school as a solution to the problems of parenthood. If you are careless or indifferent—but perish the thought that you are!—you may see in such a school a vicarious satisfaction of parental obligations. If you are conscientious and worried, you may believe that the task of forming adolescent character had best be entrusted to experienced hands. Have you, Mother, been too indulgent? Have you, Father, been too busy? Is your boy showing signs of waywardness and neglect? Then it may be well for you to look upon a boarding school as a means of retrieving the errors of the past, and of strengthening the boy's character for future battles, since boarding school lads have exceptional opportunities of learning how to give and take and how to master the art of living with others.

But many doubts present themselves to your minds; grave difficulties apart from the question of expense. There are reasons urged by others that give you pause. "The boarding school can never take the place of the home," says one. "The boy will lose the refining touch of feminine influence when he needs it most," says another, probably a maiden aunt, who shudders when "the boy" slams a door or hurls his cap across the room. "Away from home," the father reflects, "he cannot form those social bonds which will help him in business later on in life."

## THE DILEMMA

And so, between the pros and cons, the parent hesitates and seeks for truth. Where shall he find it? It is likely that no experience of his own will guide him. School catalogues and prospectuses give little satisfaction. Wisely or not, he suspects that their statements are influenced by the desire to swell the school's ranks and increase scant revenues by tuition fees. In brief, one does not look to an advertising medium for a dispassionate view of the article recommended. We do not ask a salesman for an impartial statement of the merits and defects of the goods from whose profits he gains a livelihood. Besides, in every instance there are personal factors and domestic factors and local conditions which make the particular case a problem for individual judgment and not subject to the rough formula of a general law.

It is with the honest purpose of aiding parents to a solution of their particular problem that this article is written. It is not an *ex parte* argument for boarding schools as such, which one might expect to find in a catalogue or prospectus. It is an attempt to face the problem squarely from the parent's point of view and give him an insight into boarding school needs and advantages, which will supply the deficiencies of his own experience and enable him to solve intelligently the problem for himself. On the other hand, the writer must confess that he is personally convinced of the great advantages of boarding school life for the average boy. He believes that this opinion is the result, not of blind prejudice but of reasoned conviction. He has, as a boy, attended both boarding school and day school; he has, as a man, taught in both; he has been on terms of more than usual intimacy with various types of boys during the process

of their training under both systems. If his judgment is in error, the fact must be laid to native stupidity or faulty observation, rather than to a lack of experience or opportunities to learn the truth.

## NO NEW EXPERIMENT

To anyone acquainted, however slightly, with the history of education, the boarding school system is not an experiment on trial before the bar of public opinion, but an institution with centuries of achievement to its credit, which has molded the character and inspired the loyal devotion of leaders in every path of life. Those who doubt that such a system will develop manly character and sturdy independence, or who believe that these are gained at the expense of gentleness and culture, are merely ignorant of the best traditions of education. Thus in the history of England, whose great names we share in a common heritage of literature, language and law, one great outstanding fact must challenge our attention: her leaders in every field of endeavor were trained as boys in such great public schools as Eton and Rugby, Harrow and Winchester, and as men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The scions of royalty and nobility, the judges on the bench, the leaders in the learned professions and the members of the House of Commons have been, with few exceptions, the product of her educational system, and that system, be it noted, throws the boy on his own resources away from home during the years of his adolescence. If instances did not seem superfluous, we might cite them in abundance from the world of letters alone. Collins and Young were the products of Winchester and Oxford; Thomas Grey of Eton and Cambridge; Steele of Charterhouse and Oxford; Cowper spent seven years of his boyhood at Westminster, while Addison entered Oxford as a stripling of fifteen. The battle of Waterloo "was won on the playgrounds of Eton," and the name of Gladstone is one of the glories of this school. If modern instances be sought, the pages of the English "Who's Who" will furnish abundant proof that English character is still formed under the democratic influences of boarding school life.

## THE WRONG IDEA

An erroneous belief, formerly very prevalent, was that the primary purpose of a boarding school was to reform boys too "wild" to be managed at home. If this be true, the boy of character and piety has no more place in a boarding school than in a reformatory. The fact is, that this is one of those sturdy lies which has resulted in many expulsions and the consequent domestic unpleasantness. In recent years the determined action of school faculties has effectually laid this belief to rest. It not seldom happens that when Thomas has passed untamed beyond the age of the slipper and the dark closet, when his finger tips are turning a light cigarette-yellow and he has begun to talk engagingly from the corner of his mouth, the wearied head of the family packs his trunk and sends him off to boarding school. And when, a few months later, Thomas is thrown back on his father's hands like a piece of damaged goods by an indignant faculty, the father vaguely feels that he has been imposed upon.

"What are boarding schools for anyway," he will say fretfully to his tearful helpmate, "if they can't make a man out of the boy?"

And if Thomas is allowed to resume his interrupted course of general devilry in the pool rooms and on the street corner, he stands an excellent chance of continuing his education in the reformatory and graduating into the penitentiary. It is only on stern and heroic measures that hope of his salvation rests. Stop his allowance; put him to hard work and keep him there, and he may grow up to be a

fairly useful citizen and not a menace to society and a charge upon the State.

#### THE FIRST PROBLEM

An even more important problem must be solved by every parent before he may profitably consider whether or not to send his boy to boarding school. He must decide first, whether to send the boy to school or to work. He must choose between the wisdom of discontinuing education after the grades or of allowing his son to pass on to high school or college. And because this problem is so fundamental, we may briefly discuss it here.

If a boy is notably deficient in character, ambition and mental ability, anything more than the essentials of an education, such as may be secured in the grades, is a mistake. Such a boy should learn the value of time and effort in the stern discipline of hard work; school of any kind at all is not for him. Note, we say "character, ambition and mental ability." If one of these factors is present, or, at least, shows a likelihood of development, the boy may and often should be given an opportunity to better himself by educational training. Mistakes are made in both directions. Many a boy is wasting his time in high school or even college who should long ago have been adorning a "job" and finding the place in life for which nature destined him. Far too many boys are deprived of those years of higher educational training which would have made them fit for positions of leadership. Even in the hurly-burly of American life, higher education has proved itself the narrow way that leads to eminence. "Less than two per cent of the men of America go through college, yet from this two per cent the nation draws 7,700 out of the 10,000 leaders in all the walks of life," declared a speaker in the House of Representatives, relying on statistics taken from the American "Who's Who."

#### THE THREE REQUISITES

Character, that is, strong will-power and a sense of duty, is the most potent factor of the three. With character strongly marked, latent ambition to "do something in life" will almost inevitably result, and very mediocre talent may be made to yield the utmost efficiency. Even at personal and monetary sacrifice, such a boy should be given an opportunity to qualify himself by a better education to win the prizes of life. So, too, the boy with strong ambition and ordinary talent, even though his character be weak or undeveloped, is entitled, though in less degree, to better himself for life through the opportunities of a higher education. A graver problem presents itself, where mental ability is the only claim to consideration. The boy of unusual talent with little character and less ambition, presents one of the most disheartening problems an educator has to solve. His very strength is a source of weakness and a hindrance to his development. With a minimum of effort, he can keep abreast of his less talented fellows; with his native cleverness, he will succeed in keeping just beyond the reach of penalties supposed to sanction the requirements of scholarship; but in the meantime he is confirming himself for life in habits of indolence and mental dissipation. What shall we do with him? It is hard to say. Sometimes such boys seem to have acquired culture and scholarship through their pores, as it were, in an educational atmosphere. Perhaps where talent falls short of the excellence known as genius, it is often wisest to send such a boy to work for a year after an elementary education. If the work be hard and the employer exacting, laziness and self-sufficiency may be overcome. The boy may thus be brought to an earnest desire to get the best out of an education before advancing manhood has made this impracticable.

So much, then, for the alternative of work or school. Let us assume that, on grounds stated above, it is thought wise to continue the boy's education through high school or college. What are the special advantages of boarding school training? What are the particular requirements of the life? What class of boys develops best under its influence? A consideration of these questions must be left to another paper.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

#### ECONOMICS

##### Reflections on the State

THERE is in most of our discussions on economic questions so much looseness of definition, such a lack of power to define fundamental terms, a lack that seems almost native to the modern mind, that it would seem necessary to make a slight attempt to find the true meaning of the various words and phrases that are flung hither and thither in these arguments. What, for instance, is the State and what is its province?

The State is a necessary human institution, and therefore, of course, it is questioned in the modern world, as marriage is, or the family, or the necessity of a religion and of shrines. The modern world's principal amusement is the questioning of necessary human institutions, and will continue to be so until it gets well burnt as a child does when it questions the properties of fire.

Such problems as the province of the State are treated in the modern world with a mechanical method that plays havoc with true research. How few moderns ever as much as get their first principles on their feet, and what a fog envelops their second, and third and fourth principles! What a mess they make of it all!

##### REASON OF THE STATE

Now, all valid thinking about the State begins with Aristotle's sound assertion that man is by nature political; that is, that man can only be completely man as the citizen of a community. You can imagine a man without a State, just as you can imagine a man without legs; but he is not a normal man. Man, by a law of his nature, desires to be a member of a community. Only so can he develop and satisfy his personality.

That is the *raison d'être* of the State. The State exists in order that man may realize his nature and fulfil the functions as a citizen which he by nature desires to fill. Upon the character of such desires all rational discussion as to the functions of the State and its limitations must turn.

Some things it is clear that every man naturally desires. Every man wants enough to eat, enough to wear, sufficient shelter, and so on. Without a State his chance of obtaining these would be in the nature of things very insecure. Security in these things is one of the objects for which the State is created, and in this respect the modern State obviously fails.

A man at least desires to be fed, clothed, and housed. If he finds that he is forbidden access to the land and to the implements by which food, clothing, and houses are produced; if the physical force at the disposal of the State is used to forbid his access to these; if the wage offered him for producing the necessities of others is insufficient to provide for his own necessities; if even his wage is not guaranteed him, but is dependent absolutely upon the whim of the owners; if he may at any moment find himself "out of work," that is, unable either to use the means of production for himself, or to induce others to let him have the use of them, then it is clear that such a man is in a worse position than he would be if no State existed.

##### STATE AND THE CITIZEN

To say, therefore, as some modern economists emphatically assert in their tomes, that it is not part of the function of the



State to redress unjust inequalities of wealth is to miss the whole point. The same argument holds when we are told that the State ought not to interfere between employers and employed. The State does and must so interfere, for if it did not do so, there might be neither employers nor employed to deal with. The State must interfere between employers and the employed for the simple reason that at times nothing but the power of the State may prevent the employed from hanging their employers and dividing among themselves the produce of their labor. It is self-evident that the State by interfering on the one side pledges itself morally to interfere on the other if necessary. If it guarantees to the employer ownership of his property, it must, if it is to fulfil its function, guarantee to the workman sufficiency and security in return for his labor.

#### STATE AND COLLECTIVISM

Now it is just here that the real problem comes in, the principal problem that our civilization has to face. The State exists in order to allow a fuller development of the personality than anarchy could give. To such a development sufficiency and security are obviously necessary. Are they the *only* things necessary?

If they were, then the case for collectivism—I use this term in place of Socialism, because the word Socialism has practically ceased to mean anything—would be overwhelming. For a collectivist State might probably guarantee them no less than any other. But the State exists, as we have said, in order that the personalities of its citizens may develop as freely and fully as possible. Sufficiency and security are obviously necessary to this end; but is ownership also necessary? We think that everyone but a collectivist fanatic like Mr. or Mrs. Sidney Webb must admit that it is, and therein we have the justification of a property law guaranteed by the State. The same collectivist meets this by admitting property in all things save in land and the means of production. Thus he brings us to the issue upon which the future of Europe will largely turn when the present dreadful conflict is over.

#### THE DIVERGENCE

Is ownership, not only of chattels, but of the implements by which wealth is produced, like citizenship itself, marriage, sufficiency and security, a thing necessary to the development of men's personalities, or is it a mere economic accident? The man who takes the latter view will be a collectivist. The man taking the former will insist that the largest possible number of citizens shall be able to satisfy their personalities by personal ownership, and will legitimately use the influence of the State to that end. Neither will tolerate Society as it exists today.

H. M.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

The campaign to raise for Marquette University half a million dollars within ten days by a public and personal appeal to the citizens of Milwaukee, has proved completely successful. A sum slightly greater than the highest figure upon the dial, which indicated to the city from day to day the progress of the enterprise, had been raised at the close of the campaign. *The Marquette Campaigner*, the 400 workers' "own paper," noted the successes of each day, urged even greater efforts, and in a crimson star enclosed the picture of the preceding day's most conspicuous promoter. The paper was conducted by the Marquette University School of Journalism which for three months supplied news stories to Milwaukee dailies and to about 100 State papers. "The campaign for a greater Marquette," said Father Noonan, the President of the University, "has been a success in every sense of the word. Convinced by the arguments of the workers that a donation to the fund for Marquette is an in-

vestment that will return a hundred-fold interest in the intellectual and moral uplift of the community, our citizens have generously answered the call for help." Marquette deserves its success, and the entire campaign is an object lesson in Catholic enterprise.

The University of Notre Dame has conferred the Lætare medal this year on Dr. James J. Walsh, the well-known physician, lecturer and author, whose writings occasionally appear in the pages of AMERICA. Dr. Walsh is a graduate of St. John's College, Fordham, and of the University of Pennsylvania, and studied medicine in Paris, Vienna and Berlin. His literary, historical and educational lectures have been heard by large audiences in almost every Catholic center of the country, and his excellent books have been of great service in teaching the reading public how much the Church has done for civilization. Besides "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," which is perhaps his best work, Dr. Walsh has written a number of valuable biographical, medical and educational books. His countless friends will rejoice to hear that this distinguished Catholic publicist has received in the Lætare medal, so well-merited an honor.

The death, on March 26, at Philadelphia, of Bishop Soter S. Ortynsky, who was entrusted with the spiritual care of the Ruthenian Greek Catholics of the United States, comes as a severe blow to the people for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he had labored with untiring zeal. He was a man of exceptional executive ability and leadership. Under his direction a great campaign had only recently been launched in all the larger cities of the United States for the relief of the war sufferers in Galicia and the portions of Russia devastated by the European conflict. Many Ruthenian charitable institutions, among them two orphan asylums, owe their foundation to him. He organized his countrymen well, and provided them with churches and schools. Austro-Hungarians in particular will feel his loss deeply. The late Bishop was born at Ortynyczi, in Galicia, 1866, ordained in 1891, and for a time taught philosophy at Lawrow, Galicia, and was the author of a book of sermons. In 1907 he was appointed Bishop of the Ruthenian Catholic Church of the United States.

A disheartened contributor to the *Brooklyn Eagle* asks of what avail a new "movie censorship bill" will be, judging from present experience. The writer had visited a moving-picture "palace" and seen one of the so-called "sex dramas" that have the preference in New York. The details, some of them too nauseating for mention, can be spared the reader. The drama was a debasing glorification of sexual vice. The writer continues:

The whole story is utterly disreputable and shameless. I looked 'round the large house and saw that more than half the audience was composed of young women!

Only yesterday, being in the neighborhood of the Circle, Manhattan, with some spare time upon my hands, I entered another "movie" theater, without knowing what the bill was. To my chagrin, I again saw the same play! The house was crowded; several hundred young women were there. Two girls with school books in their laps were seated in the row in front of me. Their comments on the disreputable play were audible and shocking. At the conclusion of the last "reel," an announcement appeared that the vile affair had been "Passed by the Board of Censors."

The emphatic conviction of the writer is that "censors" who would "pass" such a thing ought to go to jail. With this every man, not wholly dead to a sense of virtue and self-respect, must heartily agree. We should not, however, rest satisfied with mere sentiment, but should continue the efforts made to bring about a real and efficient censorship, which is neither in league with financial interests nor blunted to a perception of vice and sensu-

ality. It has already been shown that such a censorship is possible and feasible.

That mythical "ecumenical council" that "denied woman a soul," has a cat-like tenacity of life. A writer in the April *Bookman* is the latest reviver of the calumny. For early in an article telling "What the Day's Work Means to Me," Alice Ames Winter "lingers over that Church Council of the sixth century when fifty-nine bishops discussed whether a woman had a soul and could properly be designated *Homo*." Whatever else the day's work may mean to Miss Winter, zeal for historical truth does not seem to be one of her conspicuous quotidian virtues. By consulting *AMERICA* for July 24, 1915, or the *Month* for January, 1911, she can secure trustworthy news regarding that renowned "ecumenical council" of Mâcon. But should Miss Winter's feminist proclivities lead her to prefer Mr. W. L. George's authority on the question, perhaps the enlightenment he has recently received from *AMERICA* will qualify him to give the desired information. But what made the usually watchful editor of the *Bookman* take such a costly little nap?

In an editorial foreword to an article on the Pan-Protestant Congress held in February at Panama, the *Outlook* naively remarks: "The truth is that the Congress was not in the slightest degree sectarian." But on the following page we read:

At the opening session the Congress was organized as follows: President, Professor Eduardo Monteverde, University of Montevideo, Uruguay. Vice-Presidents: Bishop Cabell Brown, Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia; the Rev. Eduardo Carlos Pereira, National Presbyterian Church of Brazil; the Rev. A. R. Stark, British and Foreign Bible Society, Chile; Mr. Eben E. Olcott, President Hudson River Day Line, New York. Chairman of the Congress in Committee, Dr. Robert E. Speer. Executive Secretary, the Rev. S. G. Inman. Chairman of Business Committee, Dr. John R. Mott.

As the foregoing is a strikingly Protestant array of names, it would seem that "the truth is," the Congress was rather "sectarian" after all.

April 8 is the centenary of the death of Blessed Julie Billiart, foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Her life was remarkable for the greatness of the work accomplished by her under most adverse circumstances. She was born at Cuvilly in Picardy, July 12, 1751, and in her twenty-second year received a severe nervous shock which after a few years led to a paralysis that kept her bedfast for twenty-two years. Her time was spent in prayer, working for the altar and catechizing the village children who were attracted to her bedside. The French Revolution caused her removal to Amiens, where she endeared herself to a number of high-born ladies. She instructed them in the spiritual life and taught them to devote themselves to the poor and to the service of God. In cooperation with one of these, Françoise Blin de Bourdon, the foundations of the new institute were at last laid in 1803. In the following year, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Mother Julie was cured of her paralysis after a novena made in obedience to her confessor. A few months later, she, with three companions, pronounced the first vows of religion. The purpose of the new congregation was the Christian education of girls, and the training of religious teachers. Difficulties which soon arose caused her to leave Amiens for Namur. Here the mother-house of the Sisters remains to the present day. Between the year of her cure, 1804, and of her death, 1816, she founded fifteen convents. While schools for wealthy children are permitted by her Institute, schools for the poor are of obligation. Her work prospered in a remarkable manner and as early as 1840 was extended to our own country, where almost 40,000 pupils are now taught in the schools conducted by her spiritual daughters. Everywhere the labors of these Sisters have been crowned with success, in

parish schools, in academies, and lastly in Trinity College for women, erected by them in Washington.

The Lenten season is marked this year by the production of Passion Plays in various parts of the country. One object of the actors is to reproduce, as far as possible, the religious spirit that animates the sublime drama of the simple Bavarian peasants at Oberammergau. The most determined efforts in this direction have been made by the Passionist Fathers at West Hoboken, N. J., in their production of "Veronica's Veil." A special auditorium has been built by them at the cost of \$80,000 for this express purpose and two casts of actors, chosen from the parishioners of St. Joseph's Parish and its vicinity, have rehearsed their parts for more than a year and a half. The costumes, upon which the young people of the parish have worked for a long time, are said to be copies of those used at Oberammergau. The play, interspersed with many tableaux, was written by the Rev. Bernardine Dusch, C.P. Its story is thus summarized in a New York paper:

It is based on the tradition of Veronica of the New Testament, who in her compassion handed her veil to Christ on His way to Calvary that He might wipe the sweat and blood from His face and the cloth retained an indelible delineation of His features. The veil preserved by Veronica heals the blind, restores the dead to life, produces water from a stone for the martyrs in prison, makes converts and resists the efforts of those who would destroy it.

A similar play, "Nazareth," is to be presented five times during Passion Week by the students of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. It was originally written by Mr. Clay Greene for the Golden Jubilee of Santa Clara College in California.

This Passion Play follows the Divine Life closely, from the midnight birth at Bethlehem, through all the years of the public ministry, to the last great tragedy of the crucifixion, and ends at last in the blaze of glory that shone from the empty tomb on the first Easter Sunday. Throughout the play the Scripture narrative is closely followed and even the diction of the Biblical story is used.

The play to be given in Philadelphia differs from the preceding in never presenting Christ in person upon the stage, though throughout the entire drama, "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by," and is suggested to the spectators by the light that pours upon the stage or by the attitude or proclamation of the actors. In a similar way Our Divine Lord does not appear in the Passion Play, "Pilate's Daughter," produced by the Redemptorists at their Auditorium in Brooklyn. This play is given under the direction of its author, the Rev. E. L. Kenzel, C.S.S.R., who has personally directed more than 200 performances. The plot opens with the events leading up to the Crucifixion and thence carries us on to the early days of Christianity in pagan Rome. The drama has already attracted great attention in Boston and Brooklyn, and calls for no further description. Finally a fourth Passion Play, "The Upper Room," by Monsignor Benson, is given in Pittsburgh's Cathedral Hall. The scenes are all enacted in that Upper Room into which many of the leading persons connected with the Sacred Passion are introduced. In the first act the betrayal of Christ is told. In the second Judas enters, and is asked to beg pardon of Mary.

But at the sight of Christ's Mother, Judas, despairing, flees into the night. Mary Magdalen and St. John successively bring additional news. Meanwhile the Way of the Cross begins and the angry voices of the mob are heard. The spears of the soldiers and the three Crosses pass by in the street below. In the second scene the three crosses alone are visible against the dark sky, while the "Reproaches" are sung.

So the story of the drama continues, closing with a tableau at the foot of the Cross. Everything used in the play was made for it especially "by pious and reverent hands." No rented properties, such as had previously been of service in worldly performances are used, and all the costumes are of dyed homespun.



